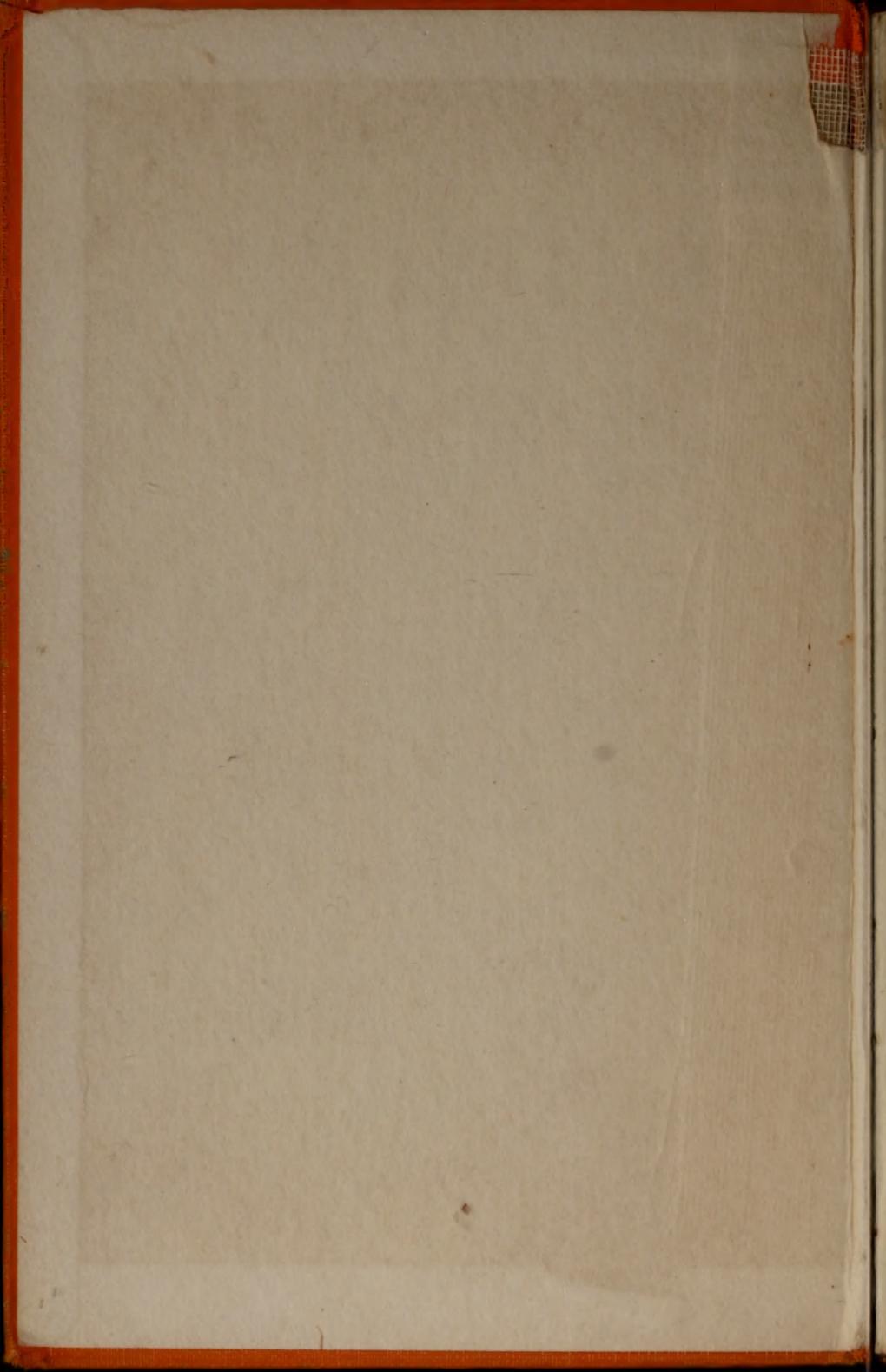
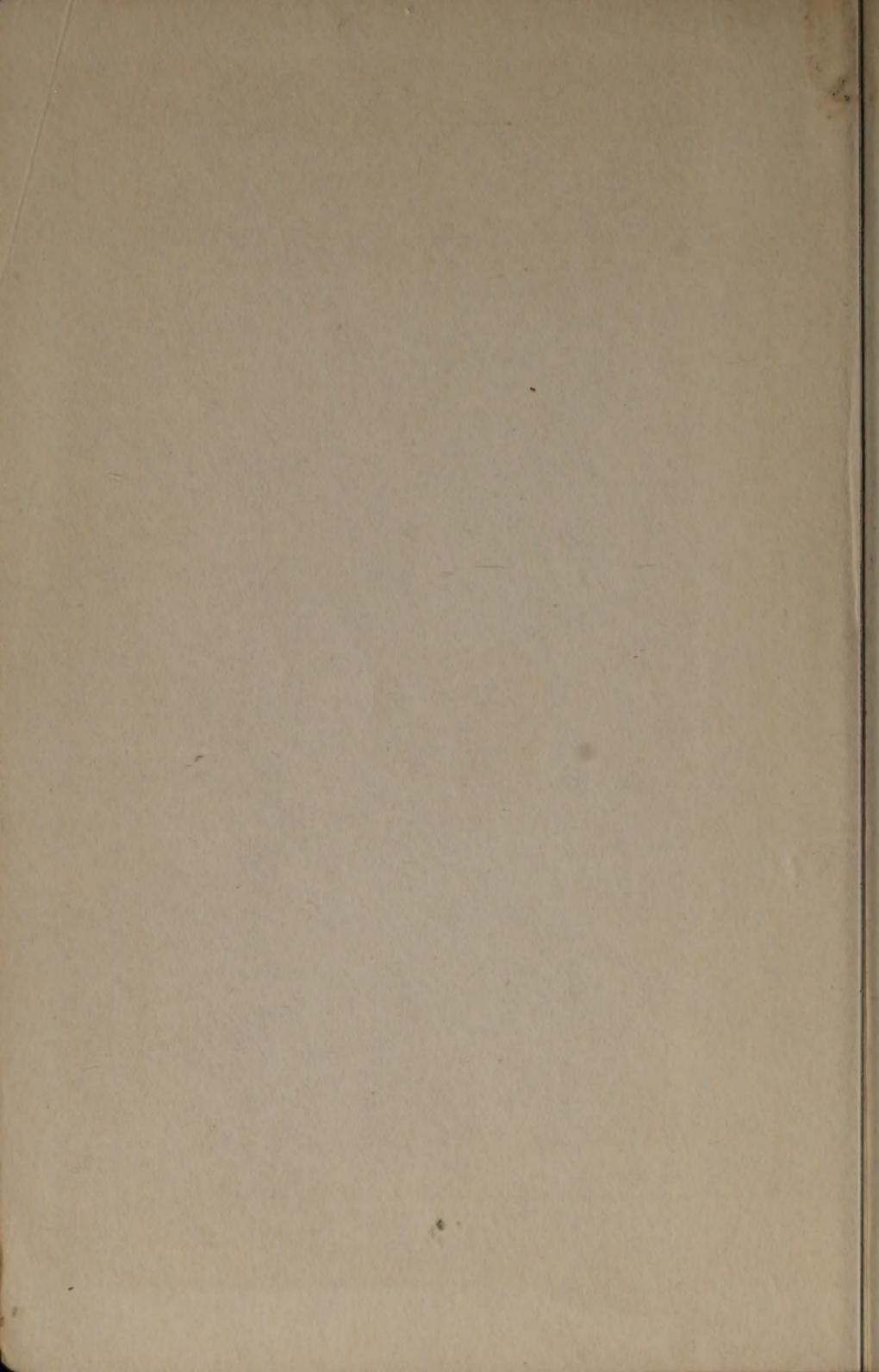


THE SECRET OF LETTER WRITING





THE SECRET OF LETTER WRITING

By

SANA SWAIN



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The Secret of Letter Writing

CHAPTER I

The Reward of Good Letter Writing

LETTER writing is an art that anyone can acquire easily. Upon the letters that you write during your life depends in a large measure the success you will make in social and business life, and in your love affairs. In fact, your future happiness and success can be gauged in advance by your ability to express your thoughts convincingly, interestingly, clearly and persuasively on paper.

In conversation you can determine by the facial expression and words of your hearer whether or not what you are saying is making the desired impression. But in letters, there are your words in written record—a record that may stand for or against you for years. Your character, your personality, must reflect itself favorably in the letters that you write.

Remember, too, that nine out of every ten letters you write in the course of a lifetime are written to influence or persuade the reader to your opinions, wishes and desires. In other words, the average letter must be founded on fundamental, psychological reasoning—which is nothing more nor less than anticipating the state of mind of the reader and writing the letter

accordingly so that it will make the favorable impression you wish it to.

Many good talkers are poor letter writers. Many a girl, many a young man has lost a friendship, an opportunity of winning love, an opportunity of a good business connection because of pitiful weakness in letter writing. Why is it? Why does a girl who can charm men at will become helpless when she tries to write a letter? Why does a young man who talks clearly, convincingly and interestingly "lose his tongue" when it comes to putting his thoughts on paper?

Why is it? I'll tell you why. It's because this young girl and young man have never learned the simple fundamentals of letter writing, which are as essential as the fundamentals of arithmetic, grammar or spelling.

Of course, the fault with most people is that the moment they take a pen in their hand they lose their natural personality, that free flow of words—like a man getting up before a crowd to make his first speech.

Out of my years of experience with the heart affairs of young men and women, and as a result of the unhappiness, failure and loneliness that I have seen caused simply by the inability to write good letters, I have undertaken to prepare this book with actual letters written to cover all sorts of conditions that you will meet through life.

You may use these letters exactly as I have written them, if you wish. Or, you may use them as the basis for your own words. Each letter gives you the fundamental things to bear in mind when writing a letter for such a situation. In

other words, my letters will give you a framework on which you can write the letters of your life—through the romantic days of youth, through courtship, through the engagement period, through married life, through your business career. All the letters that you will find necessary to write, you will find in this book as a guide telling you what to say and how to say it.

Follow the lead that these letters give you, and your letters will always be looked forward to eagerly. People will want to correspond with you; your letters will carry that tone of conviction and hidden power that moulds other people's opinions and beliefs into harmony with your own. You will join that limited number of people who have learned the secret of letter writing and the power that lies therein. You will take real enjoyment in writing letters, for you will write as freely as you now talk. Your circle of friends will enlarge; you will make an impression on the kind of people you want to impress; you will be successful in business transactions—in short, you will soon realize that the art of letter writing brings happiness, success and wealth with amazing speed.

Many successful men and women today attribute their success largely to the ability to write good letters. What others have done, you can do, for anyone can write interesting, convincing, clearly expressed letters with just the little training and help that this book of mine will give.

CHAPTER II

Actual Letters from Life

To make this book interesting, as well as instructive, I am going to create four main characters, two young men and two girls. We will say they started life in a small town in Michigan. Their names are Thomas Harley, Richard Steele, Alice Gorman, and Mabel Winters.

Now I am going to follow these four young people through their days of friendship, courtship and marriage, giving you as we go along with them samples of the proper kinds of letters that each would write under the many situations of life.

The same situations, the same conditions, the same circumstances will confront you during your life, for every normal young man and woman treads the same main paths of life, has the same perplexing problems—the same questions to be answered—the same obstacles to overcome.

And so the problems of Tom Harley, Richard Steele, Alice Gorman and Mabel Winters are *your* problems. You will realize as you get farther into my book that I am really accompanying *you* through your life, meeting your problems with you, acting as your private adviser on the letters that you write, leading you care-

fully along the road that leads to happiness and success.

If you will accept my guidance, and pattern your letters after those I give you on the following pages, you will have already accomplished the one thing that is vital to happiness and success—the one thing that puts you in advance of others—the one thing that stamps you as being above average intelligence, charm, interest, and persuasiveness—and that is the ability to write good letters.

May you profit from this book as greatly as have other young men and women who have written me, telling me of how much my letter writing guidance has meant to them in social and business life.

* * * * *

Tom Harley Seeks a Position

Tom Harley, at the age of twenty-one, is an average young man with an elementary school education. Being ambitious, he applies for a job as a clerk in the bank of his home town, with the following letter:

MR. JOHN TALBOT, *President,*
Plainview National Bank,
Plainview, Mich.

Dear Sir:

Thinking that you may be interested in a young man of my qualifications, as a business investment, I am taking the liberty of acquainting you with myself.

I am twenty-one years old, healthy, anxious to assume responsibility, and

desirous of entering a progressive bank, such as yours.

My education consists of an elementary school course, a correspondence course in accounting, and special study of banking and banking methods.

Please do not think I expect a high, responsible position at the start. In fact, I am willing to work at almost any kind of job in order that I may prove myself to you, and have the opportunity of joining your organization.

The salary question is of secondary importance.

You will be the best judge of my worth.

May I drop in some morning at your convenience and talk to you?

Very truly yours,

THOMAS HARLEY.

Letters applying for a position should be terse and straight to the point. Business men are busy and their time is valuable.

The main objective of a letter is to gain an interview for you. If the man you are writing to is interested he will ask you to call. Then you can elaborate on your qualifications, ambitions, etc.

Remember to stress in your letter what you have of value and interest to the man to whom you are writing—not the kind of job you would like, your personal ambitions, etc. If you expect to sell yourself, you must write and talk in terms

of what your services would mean to *him*—not to you.

* * * * *

Tom got a job as a clerk in the Plainview National Bank. After a few years he realized that in order to grow fast in business life he would have to go to a bigger city. He therefore writes the following letter to the Richland National Bank in New York City:

MR. JAMES SKILLMAN, *President*,
Richland National Bank,
New York City.

Dear Sir:

Would you be interested in a young man who has served his apprenticeship in a small town bank and is now anxious to broaden out in a bank such as yours?

As you know, many a New York City banker got his early training in a small town bank. You, yourself, Mr. Skillman, are a conspicuous example of that. I do not claim to have the ability that you possessed at my age, but I do think that my education and experience are such that it will be worth your while to consider me, should there be an opening in your organization.

Briefly, my education and experience are as follows: An elementary school education, a correspondence course in business accounting, a special study of banking, assistant paying teller in the Plainview National Bank, where

I am now employed. I am twenty-five years old, and in good health. I smoke in moderation but do not touch liquor in any form.

So confident am I that you will give me an opportunity to join your organization and help build the great business you are bringing to your bank that I will gladly come to New York at my own expense, if you will be so good as to grant me an interview.

Very truly yours,

THOMAS HARLEY.

Notice, first of all, that subtle flattery that Tom has put into his letter, flattering the head of the big New York bank. No one minds flattery, provided it is done well and not too obviously.

Notice, too, that Tom, without bragging or seeming boastful, impresses the reader with his ability by making an offer to come to New York at his own expense for an interview.

Put just enough "pull" into your letters to make the reader want more. In other words, if you tell your whole story in your letter, you have nothing left for the interview. Remember that one object of a letter seeking a position is to gain an interview.

Your letter should be sincere, truthful, terse, interesting and just a bit intriguing, so as to leave a desire in the mind of the reader to meet you face to face so that he can see if you measure up to his expectations.

Tom Gets a Position in New York

Tom's letter got him an interview—and a job. He resigned his position in Plainview, packed his belongings, bade his friends good-bye, and departed for New York City.

His first letter was to Alice Gorman, his boyhood sweetheart. The two had grown up together, and everyone took it for granted they would marry each other some day. Tom was an orphan and so, naturally, his most intimate letters were to his friends, Alice Gorman, Richard Steele and Mabel Winters.

Tuesday.

Dear Alice:

Well, here I am in the city of broken hearts and bent mud-guards. I've been here just a week and it's like a three-ring circus to me. When I landed in Pennsylvania Station, I thought some great "welcome" was going on. I never saw such a crowd—all hurrying like ants in every direction.

And automobiles! I never thought there were that many in the whole United States. I started up Seventh Avenue looking for a boarding house. Up in Thirty-ninth Street I saw a neat old brownstone house with a sign "Furnished Rooms" on it, and I rang the bell. Well, to make a long story short, the landlady gave me a nice, clean room on the third floor, not so sunny and airy as my room back home, but clean and inviting.

I washed up and went downstairs to supper. There I was introduced to the other boarders. And what a variety of characters! A vaudeville actor out of a job; a saleslady in a big department store; a struggling artist; a life insurance salesman; a police detective; an advertising writer; a young lady studying music; a bookkeeper; a stenographer.

Can you imagine that bunch all sitting down together at the supper table? They are a good-natured crowd, like a big family, and I suspect there is a romance between the life insurance salesman, who is a dark, handsome fellow, and the young lady studying music, who is very sweet and innocent.

The first day in my new job I felt lost. The bank is so big—there are so many people hurrying back and forth and in and out. It makes you feel so small and insignificant, Alice, and I felt just a bit homesick. I thought how good it would be to be back in Plainview and I could drop around to your house tonight and maybe we could take a walk to Clear Lake or go to the movies.

The first few nights I didn't know what to do with myself. So I stayed home and read a magazine. Tonight I am waiting for the young advertising writer to come up to my room. He says he will take me out and show me some of the sights along Broadway.

Here he is now, so I will have to say good-bye. Write me a long letter and tell me how the old town is getting along. And don't fall in love with any "city slicker" that you may meet. Ha! Ha!

As ever,
TOM.

61 W. 39th St., New York.

The main thing to remember to include in a letter written to a girl friend is to give the news—what you are doing, what you have seen. You will note a slightly wistful, lonesome tone in Tom's letter. That is all right, for it flatters the reader and makes her realize you miss her company, even if you do not come out boldly and say so. Don't try to be too funny in a letter written to a girl. Remember girls don't always see the joke, especially if it concerns them.

Just write in a sincere, interesting, straightforward way—the way you would talk if you were sitting in her parlor.

* * * * *

Alice Gorman is a sweet, home-loving girl. She keeps house for her invalid mother. She has never been to a big city like New York and is somewhat awed by Tom's experiences. However, in answering his letter she shows none of this awe, and realizing that there is no particular news of her little town to interest Tom, who is in the midst of New York life, she philosophizes on

Tom's experiences. That is one of the secrets of good letter writing. Here is what she says:

Thursday Night.

Dear Tom:

You may be sure I was glad to receive your interesting letter. How happy you must be now that you are really and truly in New York, working in a big bank. I do hope you will be successful—I know you will.

Remember, Tom, when we were small, how we used to sit up in the old apple tree behind our house, and wonder what New York was like? It seemed like a dream city to us, where you picked money up off the streets, and where everybody wore fine clothes and went to big theatres. And now you are there. Isn't it wonderful?

Your description of your boarding house and the boarders amused me very much. I'm terribly jealous of that stenographer. I think you had better send me a weekly report of what you and she are doing.

But they all must be very interesting people, and I'm sure you will feel at home there. Does the landlady bake as nice apple pie and chocolate layer cake as I do? Don't you wish you had one of mine right now—honest?

I saw Dick and Mabel the other night. They asked if I had heard from you. Why don't you write Dick a nice

long letter and tell him how well you are getting along?

You will miss the annual church picnic that takes place next week. I don't know whether I will go or not. George Walters wants to take me—but I'm not sure that I want to go. We had a splendid time last year, didn't we? Remember how you almost upset the canoe on Upper Lake?

Write again, Tom, and tell me of your new experiences—and take good care of yourself.

Sincerely,
ALICE.

It is well to remember that Alice likes Tom better than any other young man she ever knew. But she does not "throw herself at him" in any way in her letter. She comments lightly on the news he gives her, reminds him of old times and the memories that old times always stir. She does not say she is lonesome or that she misses him—although she does. Note how she says another young man wants to take her to the church picnic? That's good strategy. She does not say she wants to go or that she doesn't. She leaves it rather "up in the air." She wants to see what comment Tom will make of it in his next letter. Notice, too, how she reminds him of her cooking. Tom has had many a good meal at Alice's house. To a young man in a boarding house, the thoughts of a delicious home-made apple pie are certainly mouth-watering. These are the little tricks of letter writing.

Tom Tells Dick Some News

Tom writes a letter to his friend Richard Steele. Note the difference in tone, the chatty man-to-man style of the letter. That's the kind of letter a man likes to get from a friend:

Thursday.

Dear old Pal:

Well, old-timer, I'm "knocking 'em dead" here in the big city. My bank job is panning out all O.K. Got a good boss and everything is jake.

And this morning I got the big news. The vice-president sent for me around eleven o'clock. I thought I was in for a call-down. I said to myself on the way in, "Lord, what have I done now?"

When I entered his office he said, "Harley, how do you like your job here?" "Fine," I replied. "I've never regretted coming to New York and joining your organization." He said, "You've been with us three months now and we've been watching you carefully. We believe you belong with us and we want you to know how pleased we are with your work. Jack Gleason, our assistant paying teller, is going up to our new branch, which leaves a vacancy here. Do you think you can fill it?"

Well, I was so surprised I was just about able to stammer out, "Yes, sir." "All right," said he, "you begin your

new duties Monday morning. And your salary will be raised accordingly."

Well, that's that, Dick, and I'm sure I can make good.

Now for more news. Say, old pal, there's a nice little Jane at the boarding house who is a stenographer in a downtown office. We've been to the movies together a couple of times. Now don't laugh or make any wise cracks about "When do the wedding bells ring out?" for it's nothing like that. We're just good friends. That's all. She's about twenty and a brunette. Quite pretty, too.

You know there's a difference between big-town girls and small-town girls. I don't know just what it is—it's hard to describe. Maybe big-town girls have more "pep" and go to them. Now, I always had good times with Alice, but somehow the little stenographer has got me going. Oh, well, it's all in a lifetime.

How are things with you? What are you doing with yourself? Having any good times lately? Gee, I wish we could get together and have a night's fun. After all, I get lonesome sometimes for the old bunch. Maybe I'll be able to jump out to the old town for a week-end sometime.

Write, old socks—write me a letter. Give me the news. How is Mabel? Stick to your little old romance, boy; you won't get a better girl than Mabel.

Remember me to her and to Alice when you see them again.

So long for awhile.

Your old friend,
TOM.

61 W. 39th St., New York.

It's always a good thing to write in a chatty, chummy way to a friend—just the way you would talk to him. Don't try to be "high hat" with someone you have chummed with. You have nothing to "sell" him. Be yourself.

Naturally, a boy friend will be more interested in the details of your business program than a girl would. Don't bore a girl with a lot of "shop talk." With a fellow, you can talk shop all you like.

But the main thing in a letter to a close friend is natural personality, news, and a laugh or two.

* * * * *

Richard Steele, it is remembered, is a mechanic in a mill in Plainview; a bright, ambitious young fellow, but without the restless, roving disposition of Tom. Richard's ambition is to become superintendent of the mill where he now works. He has no particular desire to go to New York or "see the world." His ambition is to marry Mabel Winters, make a home, and stay in Plainview.

Here is his answer to Tom's letter:

Wednesday.

Dear old Friend:

Well, I had begun to think you were in jail or something. Now that you

have finally written, my mind is at rest again.

I can imagine your surprise and delight when your boss handed you that promotion. Great stuff, Tom; keep it up. You'll soon own the bank. Then I can come around and borrow a few thousand dollars from you. "Try and get it," did you say? Try and get *a quarter* out of you!

But seriously, I'm certainly glad you are doing so well. Only, what would Alice say if she knew you were running around with this cute little city girl? You always were a gay bird—a great fellow with the ladies—a regular sheik.

Things are about the same at the mill. I round out my four years' experience here this month. You know me, Tom. Stick and grow in one spot. I've got my eye on a foreman's job and then the rest of the future will be easy. We're pretty busy at the mill. Working overtime, three nights a week.

I certainly would like to spend a night seeing New York with you, but of course that's impossible. Mabel and I may go there on our honeymoon—but that's in the dim and misty future.

The boys at the club have been asking for you—Jack Sperry, Bob Wagner, Ed Powell, and the bunch. They think you've struck it pretty soft. I can see a touch of envy in their remarks. Well, you were pretty lucky

at that, Tom. Of course, you've got the ability, but it takes luck to go with it.

Mabel will be waiting for me. She and I are going to the movies tonight—not so good as the ones you are seeing in New York—but you've got to do something here to kill a night, as you know. So, I will quit here and say "so long."

Write again soon, Tom.

Your old friend,

DICK.

Dick's letter is written in the same friendly, chatty spirit as Tom's. Good-natured "kidding" and joshing are always all right in letters from one close friend to another—provided it doesn't hurt the feelings of either.

Note the absence in all these letters of such time-worn phrases as "Received your letter and was glad to hear from you," "Thought I would write you a letter," etc. Originality in letter writing is a rare gift, but it can be acquired, if you will apply yourself to it. Originality, personality, humor, news interest—these are the things that make people look forward to receiving letters from you.

CHAPTER III

Tom Tells About New York

The next letter from Tom is to Alice, in which he recounts his experiences in New York, particularly a party that he attended and the girls he met there.

Thursday.

Dear Alice:

I have been having such amusing experiences the last two weeks that you probably will be interested in them and perhaps get a laugh out of them, too.

The fellow here at the boarding house who is an advertising writer, brought me with him to a party at a friend's house the other night. Talk about fun! There were about fifteen couples there. Two or three of the fellows were natural comedians and kept the bunch entertained all through the evening. We danced quite a lot. Played two or three kid games—you know the kind—everyone has to get up and do something—sing, dance or recite. Then we all sat down to a nice dinner about midnight.

It certainly was a lively crowd. There was one girl there who appealed to me. She was bright, sparkling, good-

natured, and a splendid dancer. We sort of paired off for the evening, and I enjoyed her company immensely. She is about your size, brown hair, brown eyes and slender. Of course, she's the kind a fellow like me regards as just a good friend. Don't think I'm going to fall in love with any of these city girls—at least, not yet.

When I took her home and bade her good night, she invited me to come up and call on her some evening. Well, I got to thinking about it this week and figured that I sort of owed her a debt for the good time at the party. So I called her up and invited her to the theatre. She was surprised—and pleased, too, I guess—for she accepted, and we went last night. The show we saw was "The Show-off." Honest, I haven't laughed so much for a year.

"The Show-off" as the name implies concerns a young fellow who works for the Pennsylvania Railroad and makes thirty-two dollars a week, but you'd think he was the president of the road, the way he acts and talks. Always flashily dressed with a flower in his button-hole, and carrying a cane. And what a braggart! He knows it all. Well, the whole three acts are just full of screaming situations, and trouble that he gets himself into.

What is happening in Plainview? Are you having any good times? Did you go to the church picnic? Write

and give me the latest. You know, after all, at times I feel hungry for a glimpse of the old town and an evening with you. New York is a glorious city but it hasn't the friendliness and "hominess" of Plainview.

So long for awhile.

As ever,

Tom.

Notice how in the early part of his letter Tom is "carried away" with his new friends, the good times he is having. He isn't trying to "rub it in" on Alice, but nevertheless he wants her to know that he is in New York social life.

Then note toward the end of the letter how the glamour of New York wears off when Tom thinks of his home town, Alice and his other friends. In other words, he "softens" the effect of his good times in order to keep "in right" with Alice.

The following week Alice answers Tom's letter. It is folly for a girl to "run after" a man or to indicate in any way that she is afraid of losing him, or that she is jealous of anyone else. The thing to do is to take a different angle—make him feel homesick, for instance, which is just what Alice does in the following letter:

Thursday.

Dear Tom:

Well you certainly are in the middle of New York's dizzy social whirl. I enjoyed every line of your letter and

I'm sure that you and your brown-eyed little girl will have other good times together.

You ask me what is going on in Plainview and what I am doing. Well, the old town has finally waked up and we are having plenty of fun this summer. Some Chicago business men have come in, bought up some land around Crystal Lake and have built an amusement park there. That's our Coney Island. I have been up there several times with the crowd. There is a lovely dancing pavilion there. Also a moving picture theatre, old mill, roller-coaster, and a lot of other attractions.

I know you would enjoy it—we have barrels of fun every time we go out there. Oh—I almost forgot—George Walsh and I took a canoe ride on the lake the other night—the water was smooth as glass and the new moon made everthing seem so peaceful; an ideal night for canoeing. All went fine until we came back to the dock. George helped me out of the canoe and then stepped back in himself to get the cushions.

But he didn't step in the middle and his weight overturned the canoe and into the water he went. Of course, the water is shallow there—but it was terribly humiliating to him I guess. His clothes were wringing wet, although he joked about it and said he was a land-lubber.

You asked about the church picnic. Yes, I went to it and had a glorious time. Everybody was there that you know. Harry Watkins took me over in his new car. He's like a child with a new toy. It's a Nash sedan and certainly is a beauty.

We danced a lot, had a splendid supper, played games and had a general good time.

I must say good-bye now, as I'm awfully busy today. Write again soon.

Sincerely,

ALICE.

Alice, as you can see, is wisely playing the game. Instead of allowing Tom to think he is having all the fun while she is staying quietly at home, she intimates the good times she is having too—dancing, canoeing, picnicking, etc., with other fellows. That is one of the secrets of good letter writing. Don't let the person you are writing to think for a minute that he or she has "a corner" on all the good times in the world.

CHAPTER IV

A Courtship at Home

Richard Steele and Mabel Winters live in Plainview. They love each other dearly and are engaged to marry. Here is a letter that Richard wrote to Mabel the day after his verbal proposal. This letter—written in the height of emotion—is naturally quite flowery. It is not advisable to have all love letters written in this vein:

Monday.

My dearest Girl:

I am the happiest man in the world today. You are mine and mine alone. You know, my darling, I love you dearly and if I should lose you my life would be one of torment and sorrow. But I will never lose you, for I know that our souls have been linked together by a Divine Power—never to be parted. Your golden words "I love you, Dick," have been ringing in my ears since your soft voice whispered them. I wish I could kiss right now the beautiful girl that said them. You do love me, my precious little baby, and I love you with all my heart and soul.

I long for the day to come when you will be my darling little wife. No

couple will ever be happier than we—for no couple could love each other as we love.

Darling, I will love you always. I will cherish and protect you—I will humor and pet you—I will do my all to make your life one long dream of happiness. You are my guiding star, my hope and my inspiration. You are the sweetest and most beautiful girl in all the world.

I love you, Mabel darling, and knowing you love me makes me the happiest man in all the world.

Your lover forever,

DICK.

Here is Mabel's answer to Dick:

Tuesday.

Dearest Boy:

Your letter made me feel so happy. It is wonderful to be in love, Dick; I am so happy I could shout with joy.

We were made for each other, my darling boy, and I want to be your little baby girl until the very end of time.

You are so big, so strong and I know you will always protect me from harm. You are my dream man, my hero. Ever since I was a little girl I have dreamed about a wonderful man like you coming into my life. How lucky I am that my dream has come true!

And you are even dearer, sweeter and more lovable than my dream man.

I know that I can always trust you and I want you always to believe that I will do all in my power to be the best little wife in the whole world.

I pray that I will always be your dear little

MABEL.

* * * * *

There is going to be a picnic and Richard wants Mabel to go to it with him. He writes the following letter of invitation to her:

Monday.

My dearest Mabel:

Would the sweetest little girl in all the world like to put on her little blue dress that makes her look so lovely, and go with her sweetheart to a picnic next Sunday?

All the boys in the shop are going and we expect to have a wonderful time. You will meet the fellows and girls I speak so much about. Harry, the good-looking fellow the girls all rave about, is going. I'm glad there are a lot of girls to hold his attention, because if you were with him alone he might steal you away from me. It's going to be a fine affair and you surely will enjoy yourself.

I will tell you all about it Wednesday night, but I'm writing you about it

tonight because I am rather excited about the whole affair. Maybe it's because I am in charge of all the arrangements.

It's late, honey dear. Good night, sweetheart!

Love,

DICK.

This letter has been written with some flaws purposely put into it. Analyze it carefully and find the things that you believe Dick should not have said.

In my opinion he should not have mentioned Harry. You will observe that in speaking of Harry, he has belittled Mabel's ability to attract him. It is folly to challenge a girl's power of attraction for the opposite sex, especially if she is in love with the challenger.

In Mabel's answer to Dick, you will observe that she resented his reference to handsome Harry:

Tuesday.

Dearest Dick:

I shall be delighted to go to the picnic next Sunday with my big boy. I know I will have a fine time because I always have a lovely time with you.

It will be nice to meet the boys and girls you speak of so much. Don't worry about your good-looking friend, Harry—he could never be as nice as you. And, as you say, he will be too

busy with all the other girls to bother much about me.

My sweetheart must be very busy making all the arrangements. Don't work too hard, love, and don't ever be too busy to think about your little girl,

MABEL.

* * * * *

Trouble for Richard

The picnic is over and Mabel and Richard did not have such a very good time. In fact, their first lover's quarrel was the result. This is the letter that Dick wrote to Mabel, which explains what happened:

Thursday.

Dear Mabel:

I have spent a miserable night because of our quarrel. The more I think of it, the more convinced I am that you did not conduct yourself as you should have. You cannot imagine how your actions have belittled me in the eyes of the fellows in the shop. In fact, I have been "kidded" about the whole affair all day.

It is not that I am jealous, but the men in the shop all know you and how much I think of you and nearly all of them know that we are engaged to be married, and in spite of that they all think that Harry could take you away

from me if he wanted to. You seemed to have a very good time. I assure you I had a rotten one.

I am sorry if I said anything last night to hurt your feelings. I tried to get you on the telephone tonight but was unable to locate you. I will call you tomorrow night, and hope I have better luck.

Love,
DICK.

You will, no doubt, realize that this is exactly the kind of letter that Richard should not have written. It is an expression of his feelings and should have been thrown away immediately after he had put his thoughts on paper. His letter is sarcastic, and is bound to displease Mabel. Note Mabel's reply:

Friday.

Dear Dick:

You cannot imagine how surprised and shocked I was to receive your letter this morning. It has shown me a side of your nature that I never knew to exist.

You were most unjust in your accusations Sunday night. Your letter is sarcastic and spiteful, and you are thinking only of yourself and what the boys at the shop have to say. If you really loved me, you would trust me.

Perhaps it is better for us to have found out each other's true natures now than to wait until after we were

married. I cannot help but feel from your conversation and from your letter that you are sorry we are engaged, and under the circumstances I think the best thing to do is to release you from our engagement. I hate to write a letter of this kind, but I feel that I am doing the right thing.

Sincerely yours,

MABEL.

* * * * *

Dick Writes a Letter of Apology

The inevitable happened. Bitter thoughts expressed on paper—easy to write, difficult to retract—have brought Dick trouble and torment. He loves Mabel madly and is jealous of Harry. He has written a letter to her that should never have been sent. There is only one thing for him to do—write a humble letter of apology and write it immediately.

Here is the letter that Dick sends by special delivery:

Saturday.

My dearest, sweetest Mabel:

Your letter has almost driven me crazy. I have telephoned to you a dozen times but you will not come to the 'phone.

I want to tell you what a fool I am for writing my last letter to you. I want to tell you how terribly sorry I am that it was ever written. I am a fool and deserve to be punished—but

I have been punished, for since your letter came to me I have suffered the tortures of the damned. I can't sleep, I can't eat—I can't think of anything but what a cad I am and how dreadfully sorry I am that I gave expression to my jealousy.

Mabel, dearest, I love you more than anything in this whole wide world, and life would not be worth living without you.

Forgive me, Mabel, for I beg forgiveness. Please say that I may call on you. I sincerely promise that I will never, never give expression to my jealousy again.

Your repentant lover,

DICK.

Note how Dick has made a clear confession of his folly and begs forgiveness. He tells the plain truth and does not give excuses for his sarcastic letter. He plays on Mabel's sympathy when he describes his suffering.

He ends his letter with a direct request for permission to call, and with a sincere promise not to give expression to his jealousy in the future.

* * * * *

Three days have passed and Dick has received no reply to his letter of apology. Sick at heart and sore at the world Dick writes the following:

Tuesday.

My dearest Beloved:

You are driving me crazy. Why did you not answer my note of humble apology? Is it because you no longer love me? Or is it because you want to see me suffer as no man has ever suffered? I can't help but feel that you must never have loved me or else you would not let me remain in this hell which I have made for myself.

Dearest girl in the world, I am sorry for what I have done and again beg your forgiveness. Please do not be cruel to me. Please write to me saying that you will forgive and forget.

Your broken-hearted sweetheart,

DICK.

This letter relieved Dick's feelings somewhat and gave him the opportunity of eagerly watching the mails for a favorable reply. He waited, in vain, however, for five days went by and Dick did not receive a word from Mabel.

Dick realized that he could not continue to suffer the pangs of remorse and decided to go away and try and forget.

CHAPTER V

Letters That Tell of Life's Happenings

Tom continues to stay in the social swim in New York, partly because it is all so new to him and gives him a thrill and partly because he realizes that it may help him in some way in his business career.

His next letter to Alice tells of his decision to go to dancing school, his experiences there and his plans for a summer vacation:

Sunday.

Dear Alice:

Your last letter, lying on my dresser, reminded me this morning that I have not answered it, so here goes.

I was certainly surprised to hear of Plainview's new amusement park, out at Crystal Lake. Well, that's something the town has long needed. You'll have many a good time there—I wish I could spend an evening with you on the lake—I'm sure I wouldn't tip the canoe as George did. Gee, that must have been funny! I wonder if the Book of Etiquette tells what to do under such circumstances and what to say. George is *some* Romeo.

And young Watkins with a new Nash! What's the matter with his old Tin Lizzie? Not doggy enough for him, I guess. Well, the old town is developing some real cut-ups. Be careful driving with Harry. He has a reputation for being a reckless driver. I would certainly hate to read of you and he landing up an apple tree, or something like that.

Well, Alice, I've decided to take dancing lessons—yes, honest. Don't laugh—one has to be a good dancer here in New York, or one becomes a wall flower. The girls give you the cold shoulder. The fellows who are popular, I've noticed, are always wonderful dancers. That's what makes a hit with the fair sex. So I'm at it—two nights a week—one, two, three—one, two, three—dum-deedle-de-um-dum-dum-dum.

Honest, I've had more laughs at the dancing school than I've had anywhere since coming to New York. There are a couple of "eggs" there—young cake-eaters—that think they're Valentinos. You should see the dog they put on, with their little bow ties, tight-fitting coats and sailor bottom trousers. Honest, it's better than a show. And you ought to see the way the girls laugh at them. But you can't faze them a bit. They think they're the cat's whiskers.

And speaking about the girls at the dancing school, they are a real study

in human grace, too. Some are fat and want to dance to get thin. Some are tall, some have big feet, some are awkward, some are snobbish—and some are cute, graceful and pretty.

I try to draw one of that kind for a partner each dancing night—but I'm not always lucky. The other night I had to steer a hefty six-footer around for half an hour. What she wants to learn dancing for is beyond me. She ought to be dancing behind a wash tub.

I suppose you think from my letters that life is all play with me now. But it isn't. I work hard down at the bank all day and I don't quit when the bank closes at three o'clock. That's when I really begin the day's work—the work I can't do during the day when people are coming in all the time and I have to take care of my "window."

But what makes me feel good now is the cheering thought that vacation is coming. Oh, yes, they are giving me two weeks and I'm going to start two weeks from today. I've decided to go up to the Thousand Islands—Alexandria Bay. Folks that have been there tell me the scenery is wonderful—both natural and human scenery. Well, I'll be able to tell you more about it when I get back.

If you don't hear from me again for several weeks, you will know that I'm having too good a time to write long letters. I'll save all the news for you

until I get back. However, I hope to get at least one more letter from you before I go away.

As ever,

TOM.

You can see in the early part of Tom's letter that Alice's strategy "registered" with him. He talks rather sarcastically about George Walsh and Harry Watkins. In his heart he is feeling the pangs of jealousy—but he refuses to admit it, even to himself. Later, of course, as he swings into a recital of what he is doing and what he is going to do on his vacation he unconsciously "counter-attacks." That is legitimate, of course. But bear in mind in writing such letters that you must above all keep the friendship of the one you are writing to. Don't make the reader feel irritated at you, don't be "high hat" as the saying goes. Don't try to "rub in" the fact that you are having a fine time at the reader's expense. Devote part of your letter to what you are doing, of course, for that is the news and the reason for a letter, but don't fail to show an interest in what the person you are writing to is doing.

* * * * *

Important Happenings for Alice

Alice writes Tom a letter which he receives just before starting for his vacation. In this letter she gives Tom "something to think about" while he is away.

Tuesday.

Dear Tom:

Just a short letter wishing you a most enjoyable and healthful vacation. I know you are too busy getting ready to go away to bother reading a long letter, so here is a "short and snappy" one.

I've got a real piece of news for you. You know how I have always loved music. And you knew that I have been taking lessons from Professor Hotchkiss over in Rapids City. Well, what do you think he said the other day? It was after my lesson and we were talking about composers, operas, and things in general. Finally, Professor Hotchkiss said, "Miss Gorman, I am certainly proud of the way you have developed your natural music talent during the past year. It has been a source of great satisfaction to me, as your tutor, to see how rapidly you have advanced. I'm going to make you a proposal and you can think it over and give me your answer next month. I am going to take a few of my choicest pupils on tour with me this winter and give a series of concerts in all the big cities of the country—New York, Chicago, Boston, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, and so on. I would like very much to have you come, for you would be a decided asset as a pianist. All your expenses will be paid, you will live at the best hotels, you will see all the big metropolitan cities, you will enjoy

yourself as you never have before. Think it over and let me know any time next month."

Well, you could have knocked me over with a feather. Imagine *me* giving concerts in the big sophisticated cities. But Professor Hotchkiss was in earnest and talked it over with me for over half an hour.

Oh, Tom, I would love to go, but I don't know whether to or not. It will certainly be an opportunity for the beginning of a musical career—the very thing I have dreamed of and longed for. But now that I have the chance, it frightens me, somehow. I don't know what to do.

I knew you'd be interested in knowing about it. That's why I wrote you right away. What do you think about it? Do you think I ought to go?

This letter was to be a short one, so I must stop now and wish you a glorious vacation and the best time you've ever had. I know you'll like the Thousand Islands. And you'll probably meet some very nice people up there. But look out for the alluring, fascinating summer girls!

Your friend,
ALICE.

You see, Alice simply had to tell Tom the big news—partly because it was big news and partly because she knew instinctively that it would

arouse—unconsciously perhaps—his jealousy. She knew that a man of Tom's temperament simply could not think of a girl like Alice, whom he always considered as "his girl," going away on a trip under the direction of a music professor.

It was a trump card and Alice played it at the right time, just before Tom departed on his vacation. She knew it would not spoil his vacation—she had no intention of any such thing. All she wanted to do was to put something into his mind to remind him of her while he was away.

That is a fine point in letter writing, particularly when you fear that for some reason or other the person you are writing to may temporarily forget you, or is growing cool toward you.

* * * * *

Tom's Letter of Warning

The news in Alice's letter naturally disturbed Tom. He imagined that Professor Hotchkiss had some ulterior motive that was not honorable.

In other words, he did not believe that Alice would be safe if she went on this tour, and the thought made Tom feel an uneasiness and worry that he could not describe. However, he went on his two weeks' vacation and enjoyed himself. Upon his return, one of the first things he did was to write the following letter to Alice:

Tuesday.

Dear Alice:

Well, the prodigal has returned. Here I am back in little old New York after a wonderful vacation. I had everything but rest. I'm going to go to bed early every night for a month to make up for the sleep I've lost.

Honest, that's God's country up there, Alice. Some of the Islands are nine miles long, others just large enough to build a house on. It's like a dream country up there. Everything is so beautiful—wonderful homes, like ancient castles, built on heavily wooded islands whose lawns stretch down to the water's edge. And what a delightful trip in a powerful, swift speed boat in and out of the many islands, some in United States territory, others in Canadian territory, all nestling there in the majestic St. Lawrence River. I spent most of my time at Alexandria Bay. All the boat trips start out from there. Plenty of tennis, golf, bathing, fishing, etc.; two large modern hotels with wonderful ballrooms. And such splendid people! But of all the girls and fellows, I met one girl from Brooklyn who appealed to me the most. A little Irish girl by the name of O'Shea — Dorothy O'Shea — bright, witty, pretty, well-educated, a fine dancer, very refined—she was splendid company for me up there. We sort of chummed around together for the

whole two weeks. That reminds me that I promised to write her when I came home. I must do that after I finish this letter.

Well, Alice, I suppose you are still all excited over the thought of a concert tour. It would certainly be a fine thing for you—give you an opportunity of seeing the country, meeting people and broadening your mind. On the other hand, I cannot help feeling that it isn't quite the thing for a young, innocent girl like you to do. What I mean is, Professor Hotchkiss may be honorable in his intentions and all that, but you never can tell what will happen when you are a long way from home and more or less dependent upon him. You read so often of older men taking advantage of young, sweet girls, and while, as I say, I don't suspect Professor Hotchkiss of being any such character as that, it's better to be safe than sorry. And the best way to be safe is to stay home. That's my advice, Alice, and I hope you'll take it, for it is the advice of a friend who grew up from childhood with you, who would do anything in the world for you, and who regards your happiness and safety above everything else.

Don't be hasty, Alice. Think over what I have said. I think you'll agree with me. Write me again soon.

As ever,

TOM.

While this letter starts off explaining his vacation experiences, the little Irish girl from Brooklyn that he met, and the good times they had together, you can soon see that the real topic that is on Tom's mind is the thought of Alice going on that concert tour, for his letter soon gets around to that subject and he expresses himself very vigorously in opposition to it.

Although Tom is not yet conscious of it, he is beginning to realize that Alice means everything to him after all. In spite of his adventures since leaving Plainview, in spite of meeting many other girls, Tom has a warm spot in his heart for Alice, and the thought of her going away on a long concert tour only acts to fan the flame of unconscious love. You can see that in his letter. Of course, Alice, or any girl receiving such a letter, would instinctively feel it too.

* * * * *

Tom or a Career?

Alice, realizing that she now has Tom in a position where he must "show his hand," as poker players say, plays her cards along carefully and shrewdly; for, while a few weeks ago Alice was sure that she was in love with Tom, she does not feel quite so sure of it now—the glamour and glory of a concert tour, meeting people, seeing the world—all these things have tended to overshadow her love for Tom. So that now Alice is in a position where she feels an exultant independence, a sort of joy at being in a position to choose between Tom and a career. That po-

sition manifests itself immediately in her letters. In other words, she has jockeyed Tom into a position where he is now "running after her," thinking about her most of the time, and wondering what decision she will make.

Here is her next letter:

Friday.

Dear Tom:

Your description of the Thousand Islands makes me wish to spend a vacation there myself. However, it won't be this year. Maybe if you met such a nice Irish girl up there, I might meet a handsome Irish boy. I knew you would lose your heart if you went up into that romantic country.

Well, the big question of whether or not to accompany Professor Hotchkiss on his concert tour is still unsettled. I must give him my answer soon, however.

I didn't like the way you intimated things against Professor Hotchkiss' character. He is beyond reproach, an honorable middle-aged man who is so engrossed with his art that his mind has no room for evil thoughts. And besides, I am not a ten-year-old girl, you know. I think I have reached the age where I can take care of myself.

As a matter of fact, I have almost made up my mind to go. Never again in my life will I have such an opportunity for a musical career, for travel,

for meeting musical artists, for seeing New York and Chicago—all the things that I have wanted to do all my life. And here is my chance. Why shouldn't I take it? All my expenses will be paid, I will travel first class, stop at the best hotels, mingle with the nicest, most cultured people.

Tom, I don't understand why you take the attitude that I should not go. Don't you want me to be happy? Don't you want me to broaden my talents? Don't you want me to see the world? Tell me, what is the real reason why you don't want me to take this concert tour?

Everything else is about the same here. We go up to Crystal Lake about once a week—but George doesn't tip the canoe any more. And we do have such good times there! The dance floor and music are wonderful.

I promised to call for Louise Browning at eight o'clock tonight. We are going to the movies. So I must close my letter here.

As ever, your friend,

ALICE.

Notice how Alice assumes a sort of injured attitude in regard to Tom's opposition to her joining the concert tour. She knows that this will cause a certain amount of discomfort to Tom, who will think that he is misunderstood and will attempt to explain what he meant. This

will lead him up to the realization that Alice means more to him than he ever imagined, for Tom really cares for Alice and really is afraid that harm might come to her if she would make such a trip as Professor Hotchkiss proposes. Tom knows more of the ways of the world than Alice; and while she is trusting, he is suspicious.

* * * * *

Tom's following letter to Alice tells of taking the O'Shea girl to a show, supper with taxi ride, etc. Tom, realizing that he is more concerned over Alice than he cares to show, camouflages his emotion by talking principally about his good times in the city. But, of course, he finally touches on the subject that is now uppermost in the minds of both of them.

Read how he handles the situation:

Thursday.

Dear Alice:

I saw such a wonderful show last night that I must tell you about it. The little O'Shea girl that chummed around with me up in the Thousand Islands was anxious to see "The Gorilla," so we saw it last night. Honest, we were being thrilled one minute, scared the next and thrown into a fit of laughter the next. I never saw such a show. It's a huge satire on other mystery plays, such as "The Bat" and "The Last Warning." There are two detectives in the play, Mulligan and Garrity, and they bungle everything and furnish the

comedy. At one place, Garrity says, "The trouble is, married life is getting on my nerves." He is asked, "How long have you been married?" To which he answers, "I'm going to be married tomorrow." Then Mulligan says, "That's fine—who is the lucky girl?" To which Garrity wearily answers, "Her mother."

After the play we went to the Astor Hotel Roof for supper and to dance. It's like a fairyland up there with the twinkling lights of the city below, the stars above, the soft music of the orchestra, and the swaying bodies of the dancers. It was two o'clock before we realized it, and we were both so tired that we sported a taxi to Miss O'Shea's home in Brooklyn. It was almost four o'clock when I got home, and the first streaks of dawn were showing in the sky. But we had a wonderful time.

I see you and the old bunch are still having good times out at Crystal Lake. Honest, I would give a whole lot to be able to join you and the crowd there for a night. It would be great to be out with the old friends again—for no matter how many new friends you make, you never can forget the old ones or the good times you've had with them.

Alice, I'm awfully sorry you took so to heart what I said about Professor Hotchkiss and his proposed tour. I

wrote as I did because I was thinking about your safety—and I cannot help feeling the same way still.

Professor Hotchkiss may be all that you say he is, but only yesterday I was reading in the paper of a respected business man who adopted a sixteen-year-old girl, ostensibly to give her an education, career and all that sort of thing. Now he is up in the courts on a very serious charge.

You see only the bright, clean, wholesome side of life. I have seen some of the other side. That is why I hate to see you go on any such trip as you contemplate. However, you are your own master, of course. But I do hope you will take my advice and forget the tour. Some day you will thank me for it—you'll see.

I owe Dick Steele a letter and must write him soon. Do you see him and Mabel very often? How are they getting along? Give me all the news the next time you write.

As ever,

TOM.

Tom is rapidly getting to a point where New York life is beginning to bore him, the glamour and novelty have worn off. Notice how in his letter he expresses a real longing to see his old friends again. And he is really concerned over Alice. For no reason, he feels a strong jealousy against Professor Hotchkiss. He pictures the

professor as a designing, scheming man who preys on young girls. Yet, when he warns Alice of the danger, she misunderstands him. What is he to do? Developments are rapidly reaching a climax.

* * * * *

Alice, on the other hand, no longer feels any pangs at Tom's recital of his good times, for she feels instinctively that it is a mere veneer to hide his real feelings. And she enjoys the situation, for now she feels for the first time since Tom left Plainview that he cares for her more than he expresses, and that she has the advantage of being able to choose between him and a musical career. Of course, it's a real problem for Alice, but at least it's a problem without a heartache and she is willing to allow time to help her settle it.

CHAPTER VI

A Troubled Courtship

Dick is in despair. Mabel has turned **him** down. His letters have been unanswered and he has decided to go away and forget.

Here is the letter that he wrote to Tom:

Thursday.

Dear Tom:

I am sad and out of luck. The world is a rotten place to live in. Mabel does not love me any longer and wants to break our engagement.

It's all my fault, Tom, for I am a stupid fool who never knows what to say or how to say it.

My jealousy and rotten nature were the cause of my trouble. I have tried to make up with Mabel, but she won't have anything more to do with me. I don't blame her, Tom, for I suppose she realizes how impossible I would be to live with. She is using her usual good judgment in getting out of a bad bargain before it is too late.

Tom, I love Mabel more than anyone could think possible. I am simply wild about her and her action has broken my heart.

I want to get away from here—the sooner the better. I plan to go to New York and find some kind of job there. Just what kind of work I will do, I don't know, but I will find something. Anyway, the money I have saved to get married will be ample to live on for quite a while. I crave the excitement of the big city to drive away my blues—and your kind sympathy to help heal my broken heart.

Your old pal sounds like a big simp; but, Tom, I feel terrible. It will take me about a week to straighten out my personal business before leaving. I'll send you a wire the day I leave here.

Your old pal,
DICK.

* * * * *

Tom is greatly upset by Dick's predicament. He realizes how much Mabel means to Dick—what folly it is for him to leave Plainview, his home, his job and his future. He immediately sits down and writes the following letter:

Dear Dick:

Saturday.

I'm sorry, old pal, to learn of the tough break you are getting. You are too good a scout to get a raw deal, and I don't think Mabel will give you one. She is a kind-hearted girl, Dick, and it won't be long before she relents a little bit. You must have hurt her—

and you know it takes time to heal a wound.

In the meantime, don't do anything rash.

I know that a day seems like a year to you while in your present frame of mind. Be patient, old scout, and I know everything will turn out all right.

Things are in rotten shape at present in the city as far as jobs are concerned. Thousands of men are out of work and the employment bureaus are swamped with applications for positions.

Men who earned high salaries as expert mechanics are willing to take laborer's pay. And still they remain idle.

The cost of living here is outrageous. You could buy a Sunday dinner at home for what a breakfast costs in this burg. It's a shame to give them the price they ask for food, clothing, etc.

I know a fellow who came here from a small town looking for a job and he had an awful time. He spent his bank roll so fast he thought it was stolen.

But you have the stuff, old fellow, and I know if you come here you will stand the gaff and come out on top. They can't keep you down in any size town.

Why don't we do this—let me start looking immediately for a job in New

York for you. Just as soon as I land one I will wire you to come and get it.

I spoke to my landlady a minute ago and she said you could share a double room with me—just as soon as the young couple that now have it moye out. They plan to leave the end of next week. You are lucky to get this room, boy, for finding a place to live in this city is a mean job. And to stop for any length of time at a New York hotel is to kiss a bankroll good-bye.

We will have a fine time together, old boy, and I look forward to your coming.

Do me a favor, Dick—take the attached list of music books around to Alice. I promised to send them to her today without fail, but can't send them without a letter. It's midnight now and I can't keep my eyes open. Tell her I'll write soon—that I'm very busy—sick, or something. You know what I mean.

Good night, Dick, I'm going to turn in.

Your pal,
TOM.

Note how Tom sympathizes with Dick. He consoles rather than scolds. He urges Tom not to do anything rash but does not dictate what he should or should not do.

Note the picture Tom paints of present conditions in New York. He wants to make things

look as bad as possible to impress Dick with the need of giving serious consideration to leaving Plainview. Tom does not tell him not to come—but stalls for time by putting Dick off until a job has been found for him.

In the meantime Tom intends to do all he can to patch up the broken courtship. He purposely made up the music story—and here is what he writes to Alice:

Saturday.

Dear Alice:

What's the matter with my old home town? Can't things run smooth unless I am there?

A letter from Dick sounds like the wail of a lost soul. He has had some kind of misunderstanding with Mabel and they speak of broken engagements and all that sort of stuff.

Both of them need someone to give them a good spanking and I am sorry I'm not there to do it. But you are elected—so go to it. Here is my suggestion for a Peace Conference:

Invite Mabel to your house tomorrow night. I've arranged to have Dick call on you to give you a list of music books that you are very anxious to get. It's some list, Alice, because I made it up from memory in about two minutes. However, that's the only way I thought it possible to get Dick over to your house in a hurry.

Don't laugh when he hands you the list, Alice, because I gave him the impression that getting the list to you was a case of life and death.

Go to it, Alice, and write me a note telling me how they both acted at the burial of the hatchet.

Come to think of it, we haven't had a quarrel since I chased you all over town with a make-believe field mouse. Those were the happy days!

As ever,

TOM.

* * * * *

Tom Writes to Mabel

Tom feels that a letter from him to Mabel will help Dick's cause, and he therefore writes the following:

Saturday.

Dear Mabel:

I am a sad boy tonight and you have helped make me sad. Two of my childhood friends quarreling like naughty children. I know it is just a misunderstanding and that Father Time will make everything all right—but Dick sure does worry me when he speaks of leaving Plainview. In fact, a letter from Dick reached me today instructing me to find a job for him in New York.

Judging from Dick's letter, he is terribly upset. He told me he had done

something that he regrets exceedingly, but he did not mention what it was.

Just what did he do? Can you tell me? Did he rob my old bank—or hold up Levy, the jeweler? Did he strike you or cuss at you? I can't possibly imagine what he did do that would cause the break.

Is it possible that he cheated and took out Elsie Graves? She always was crazy about him, but he never gave her much encouragement. Write and tell me all about it, for my brain is weary trying to fathom it out.

Better still, write and tell me that everything is O. K. You know I would hate to cancel my order for the new high hat that I intend to wear at your wedding.

Tonight is a lonesome night for me. Wish I were in Plainview so that Dick, you, Alice and I could go to a show together. And we'd stop at Lake's on the way home, even though hot biscuits always make me sick. Remember the night Dick drank three cups of coffee and you scolded him because it would ruin his sleep? Them were the happy days!

Give my best to Alice when you see her—I almost wrote "love" instead of the word "best." You know me, Mabel—always bashful and shy.

Sincerely,
Tom.

Note carefully Tom's letter to Mabel. It is the kind of letter that you most likely will be called upon to write at some time during your life. Friends do have misunderstandings, and true friends bring them together and help patch up their differences.

Tom gives Mabel the impression that he does not regard her quarrel with Dick as a serious break. He calls it a misunderstanding and presumes that everything will turn out all right. However, he makes sure to tell how seriously Dick regards their break and how badly Dick feels about the whole matter.

Note how he minimizes Dick's offense. He mentions serious offenses, knowing that Dick would not be guilty of any of them. This is to make Mabel realize how much she really exaggerates Dick's fault.

And then the mention of Elsie Graves. "If you don't want him, Elsie wants him," is a thought for Mabel to consider.

Tom ends his letter with a reminiscence of old times. He recalls to Mabel how much she really loved Dick—and naturally softens any resentment that she may hold for him.

* * * * *

Tom's Letter Does the Trick

Cupid nearly always finds a way to bring two lovers together—to kiss and make up after a quarrel. Alice was Cupid's assistant, and she helped considerably. The day after Alice received Tom's letter, she accidentally on purpose

ran into Mabel and insisted that Mabel come over to her house to see the new dress that she had bought.

No girl ever turns down an invitation to see her friends' new dresses, so Mabel was on hand when Dick dropped in to deliver the music list that Tom sent from New York.

Of course, Dick came into the house—for was not Mabel peeping at him—and then turning her head away when he looked at her?

A haughty "good evening" from Mabel to Dick. A good-natured remark by Alice about how very cold that "good evening" sounded. Laughs all around and the ice was broken.

On the way home, a heart-to-heart talk—apologies for the past and promises for the future.

Cupid smiled and Dick told the moon that the world was not such a bad place in which to live after all.

* * * * *

Of course, Alice had to tell Tom all about it—and here is what she wrote.

Tuesday.

Dear Tom:

What you started, I finished. Dick and Mabel are now as friendly as two peas in a pod.

It was easy, for Mabel had relented and only a foolish pride kept her from burying the hatchet. You should have seen them walking home. Arm in arm, laughing and scolding—like two children returning home from a party.

Way down in my heart I envied them, for they are deeply in love and gloriously happy. And that will be the way they will go through life—for if the mating of Mabel and Dick does not bring happiness, then married happiness is a myth and not a reality.

So save your pennies, Tom, for the new silk hat that Mabel told me you intend to buy. You will look cute and I promise not to laugh—much.

It will be fine to see you again. I have many things to tell you—and I am anxious to hear you tell about your interesting experiences in New York City.

Sincerely,
ALICE.

There is warmth in the letter from Alice and a spirit of understanding that touches Tom.

Note how she informs Tom of her desire for true love and the life companionship of a man who understands. Observe her expression of faith in marriage—her belief that married life can be gloriously happy if two are mated.

Tom can't help feeling that one who thinks this way has the qualities to make a marriage happy and glorious.

Alice closes her letter expressing a keen desire to see Tom—which, of course, makes him feel fine. Here is Tom's answer to Alice:

Thursday.

Dear Alice:

You are a wonder! If you were a man, I would boom you for the Diplo-

matic Service. But I am mighty glad you are not a man—for a good many reasons.

And you should be glad, too—for were you a man you would lose the beauty, the charm and the sweetness that make you so bewitching.

Alice, there is no question about future happiness for Mabel and Dick. It will come to them, as sure as night follows day.

I can picture them in a cozy little house on the hillside a mile or so from town—Mabel meeting Dick each night with a kiss and a hug and a long story about the progress of her flower garden. You know how she loves flowers—and Dick likes them, too. Many evenings they will stroll, arm in arm, down Lilac Lane to the old bridge and whisper words of love and devotion. And then, children will come to them, adding happiness and joy to their life.

Dick has all the luck, Alice. But he deserves it, for he is true blue and one of the finest fellows in the land. I am honored at being able to call him my best friend.

Their wedding can't come soon enough for me, because it means a trip home to Plainview and you.

Sincerely,

Tom.

In the above letter, observe how Tom did not waste any time discussing Dick's misunderstand-

ing with Mabel. That incident is closed—and only fools take delight in reviving it. Note that Tom does not comment on the details of Dick's meeting with Alice—nor does he review Dick's virtues and say how fortunate Mabel is to have him back.

Many people in writing a letter in which they discuss individuals who have "made up" after a quarrel make the serious mistake of writing:

"Jane should be glad that her quarrel with John is over. I think she is lucky to have such a fine fellow—other girls would be glad to get him. He not only makes a good salary but is sober and industrious. It most likely was her fault that they quarreled, because Jane is," etc., etc. Think along these lines if you must—but don't put your thoughts on paper.

Written words cannot be denied. Don't write as you think—think, and then write.

In Tom's letter you will note that he too expresses faith in marriage. Note how he glorifies married life.

He features the high spots of joy—for in Tom's mind is the idea that Alice some day will be called upon to make a decision concerning matrimony—and he wants that decision to be favorable.

* * * * *

Tom Gets a Letter From Mabel

Mabel's letter to Tom is a difficult one to write. It is about a disagreeable subject—a

quarrel—and the shorter the letter, the better. Here is the letter that Mabel wrote:

Wednesday.

Dear Tom:

I am going to keep you guessing as to what great crime Dick committed. But I am not going to waste a second in telling you that we are no longer "acting like two naughty children." Everybody is happy and the world is a lovely place to live in.

It certainly is splendid to look forward to a visit from you in the near future. You can't imagine how many of your friends want to hear you tell of your New York experiences—for you are our Horatio Alger hero.

But seriously, Tom, we all do long to see you and we are proud of our playmate who has made such a splendid success in a short time in the big city.

Dick and I spend most of our time planning for the eventful day. It is a grand and glorious experience, Tom, and I wonder why you hesitate.

I see Alice quite often and she is sweeter and prettier than ever. Walter Ponder seems very much interested in her.

I think Alice's talent will lead her to fame and fortune; not to an altar for a "till death do us part" oath.

Dick said last night that he owes you a letter. That means you will get it six months from now.

All the folks at home join me in sending you our best wishes for your continued success and happiness.

Sincerely,

MABEL.

Note Mabel's brevity concerning the quarrel. She mentions it and then changes the subject entirely. She expresses her gratitude to Tom for his friendly letter by paying him a compliment on his business ability.

Observe how Mabel mentions Tom's matrimonial intentions. And in the very next paragraph she speaks of Alice; also of rivals—both masculine and a career. Her letter almost shouts "Tom, get busy and propose to Alice." But she does not say a direct word about it.

That is a secret of letter writing that you should acquire—the ability to make others "read between the lines," the ability to make others think while reading your letters.

There is quite a difference between just reading, and thoughtful reading. You have read thousands of lines in this book before reading the paragraph you are now reading. Try to write a single line that you have read. Try to rewrite the letter that Tom sent to Dick after Tom was informed of the quarrel and Dick's intention to come to New York.

Please don't merely become interested in what happens to Tom, Dick or Mabel, for this is a text book, and not a story book. To get the most out of this book, analyze each situation and *you* write a letter to cover it. Then compare your

letter with the one that appears in the book. See if you have covered the salient points. If the letter you have written does not please you—rewrite it. That is the way to get the most good out of this book.

* * * * *

Dick Writes Tom, a Letter

The day after Mabel's letter reached Tom, the postman delighted him by handing him a note from Dick. Here is what it said:

Thursday.

Dear Pal:

I am not coming to New York, Tom. The little quarrel I had with Mabel has been patched up and everything is now hunky dory. I feel like the old Dick once more. You cannot imagine how upset I was after the misunderstanding with Mabel, and I am mighty glad I did not act hastily and go to New York.

I am more deeply in love now than I ever was, old boy. Mabel is the most wonderful girl in the world, and our wedding day cannot come soon enough for me.

You old bachelor—it is about time you climbed aboard the band wagon. Alice is some baby doll and the boys around town are aware of it, too. But you hold the ace hand, old scout—so say your little piece before it's too late.

Take it from me, you can't find a girl in the city that will make you as

happy as will Alice. Wouldn't it be great to surprise the old town and give them a double wedding!

Hope you are still hitting on all six.

I am due at Mabel's house in about three minutes, so I will bow out.

Yours,

DICK.

A study of Dick's letter will show you the reaction of a mind after a quarrel. Just imagine what a serious error Tom would have made had he in his letter to Dick, belittled or "knocked" Mabel. Tom, knowing that time would change Dick's state of mind, did not do so and therefore has no regrets.

Note that Dick takes credit for not going to New York. It was really Tom's letter that kept him in Plainview, but Tom will never mention that fact in letter or in conversation. He knows better.

Also notice how bluntly Dick speaks of the affair between Tom and Alice. It's man-to-man style with no beating around the bush. And it is only a suggestion that Dick makes. If he said in his letter, "Why don't you propose to Alice?" Tom would be inclined to tell him to attend to his own love affair. But Dick skillfully handles the matter as a jest—with the hope that Tom will take it both ways.

And Tom does.

CHAPTER VII

Alice and Tom Carry On

The thoughts of the tour that Alice is considering has Tom bothered more than he will admit. The next letter from Alice does not add to his comfort. Here is what she wrote:

Friday.

Dear Tom:

You have reminded me that I have not seen a good play in years—not since the time I visited Aunt Clara in Chicago. I know I would have enjoyed “The Gorilla” very much, too. And dining and dancing on a big hotel roof must be thrilling.

By the way, Professor Hotchkiss asked me yesterday whether I had decided to accompany him on tour. And I said yes. Oh, I know you’ll scold me and think me a very disobedient girl and a foolish one; but really, Tom, I’m sure that everything will be perfectly proper. What *could* happen to me? Is someone going to kidnap me? No, they pick prettier girls than me for that.

Now please don’t be angry with me, Tom. I know that I’m going to enjoy every minute of this tour—and you

wouldn't want to deprive me of enjoyment, would you?

Professor Hotchkiss seemed very much pleased that I had decided to join his company, and he spent a whole hour outlining his plans for the tour. Oh, it is all so wonderful, Tom. I'm afraid I'll wake up some morning and find it to be only a dream.

Wouldn't it be strange if we should come to New York on this tour and you would be sitting there in the audience listening to the girl of whom you once used to make fun for being so crazy about music!

Write to me, Tom, and say you are not angry with me for not taking your advice. I want you to agree with me that this tour is the big opportunity of my life. And I'm sure you will—now that I've decided to go. Won't you?

Your friend,

ALICE.

Well, Alice has thrown the bomb into Tom's camp—she informs him that she is going to make the concert tour in spite of his advice against it. You can imagine how she secretly revels in the fact that her decision will astound him. That is just the effect she wishes to make on him. Now she will soon see just how much he cares for her. She is putting him to the test, she has set the trap. Will he walk into it and show his true feelings and emotions toward her? Will her

letter flame the tiny spark of friendship into passionate love?

* * * * *

A Man-to-Man Letter

Tom writes his friend Dick the following:

Thursday.

Dear Dick:

Well, I suppose you're walking on air in your happiness and are planning for the little love nest that you and Mabel will go into together to start married life—that period of trouble, responsibility and grocers' bills that people are so gosh-darned anxious to plunge themselves into. I wonder when I'll reach that foolish stage!

Dick, I saw a rattling good baseball game yesterday—Pirates and Giants. It's a crucial series they're playing just now. Each team fighting for the league lead. Pirates won 6-4, as you probably noted in the papers. Say, that Pirate infield is like a well-oiled machine. Fastest thing I've seen since the old Athletic infield. And how those boys can bunch their hits in the pinches! Cuyler, Traynor, Grantham—all dangerous hitters. It looks like the Pirates in the World Series to me. McGraw has had hard luck with his players this year. One after another has been injured, gone sour, or for some reason become ineffective.

Oh—here's something else to pour in your ear. I'm a golfer—yes, honest—almost. I've got the bug. Everybody plays golf in our office and the fellows finally got me into it. So I'm taking lessons. Before I took lessons I went around the links a couple of times with the boys—and I thought I was getting along fairly well. Then some bright Alec said I ought to take lessons to acquire the right form and all that sort of rot. So I fell. And now I'm a rotten golfer. The "pro" said I stood too far away from the ball, didn't flex my knees enough, didn't come back far enough, swung too hard, didn't follow through, didn't keep my eye on the ball, and about a dozen other faults. Well, that certainly wrecked my game for awhile. I was thinking about everything else but hitting the ball—so consequently I didn't.

I'm just getting out of that terrible stage now and am beginning to get some good drives and iron shots. My putting is terrible. But it's a great game, Dick. You ought to take it up.

I almost forgot to tell you that I'm now cashier at the bank. Yep—got all the responsibility in the world now. A nice raise went with the promotion, so I'm happy. I may be a bank president yet, Dick.

How are things at the factory? Are you running full time? Indications point to good business this winter—and that's what everybody is rooting for.

The next time you write let me know when the big day is scheduled, also give my best wishes to Mabel and tell her that if she can live more than three years with an old crab like you, she's a wonder.

Good luck, Dick. Write soon.

Tom.

Do you see the difference in "style" between Tom's letters to Alice and his letters to Dick? A man's letters to a girl should be free from slang and rough expressions. They should contain news that is interesting to a girl. Such things as ball games, prize fights, golf, business problems, etc., are not particularly interesting to the average girl. What she is interested in is other people, amusements, interesting happenings, clothes and such things.

Notice in Tom's letter to Dick a man-to-man friendliness and good-natured kidding. Men understand that and like it. Girls often misunderstand it and dislike it. Girls like to be flattered —they like to hear nice things said about them and to them.

* * * * *

Dick Writes of His Wedding

Time passes swiftly, and plans for Dick's wedding are being made. The date has been set. It is to be in January. Dick writes Tom the following letter:

Thursday.

Dear Tom:

A lot of water has passed under the bridge since I heard from you. I've been so busy that I've put off writing you again and again. I'm ashamed of myself. Well—here's my apology.

You certainly handed me a laugh with your account of taking up golf. I suppose by this time you're driving so far it takes three caddies to find the ball.

I've been made foreman at the factory, Tom. You'll be glad to hear that. It was coming to me. I've been there six years now and have earned the job. Well, that ties me up, I guess. My future will be right with old man Richardson from now on.

I'm getting nervous as a cat every time I think of this marriage ceremony I've got to go through. If I could only take Mabel around to the minister's house some Sunday afternoon and get it over with quietly, it would be fine. But no—you know what girls are. A church wedding with all the trimmin's. Flower girls, music, crowds! Gee, I'll feel like a piece of useless furniture, and the church aisle will seem like a mile long. I wish it was over now. Not that I'm getting "cold feet" or anything like that. I just hate to be a window display for a crowd of curious old women.

That's where you've got to help me out, old-timer. You're elected by unanimous vote to be best man—to share with me—in a measure—the honor and glory, if there is any. Yep—I'm serious, Tom. I want you to be my best man. You're the logical candidate.

Perhaps after you get a sample of what a wedding is, you'll be a little more anxious to become a principal in your own—especially when you see what a sweet and pretty bridesmaid you'll team up with at this grand and glorious event. None other than Alice Gorman!

So now that's all settled we can go on to the next item of new business. All in favor say "Aye." The "Ayes" have it. You're elected, Tom. Congratulations!

Oh, I almost forgot the little detail as to the date of the wedding. January 12th. Put it on your calendar and go at once and reserve a frock coat and silk sky-piece for yourself. You'll be able to take off a day or two, won't you, Tom?

Now that you're cashier, you can close up the bank for a few days. Tell the depositors to keep their money in an old sock until you get back.

We haven't decided where we're going to live as yet. I'm thinking of buying up the old King place—six acres, a nice little house that could easily be

put in ship-shape condition—a stable that could be used as a garage for my puddle jumper. I think I can buy it for \$4,000. What do you think about it? You remember the place—about a mile out of town, down on the river road.

So long, Tom. Study your part for best man. Attend a few weddings and see how the part should be played. Then you'll feel at home when the big day comes.

DICK.

Dick's letter is written pretty much in the same spirit as Tom's. These two letters are good examples of the kind of letters that men like to receive from men—that is, from one friend to the other.

The familiarity and bantering in a letter are to be regulated by the degree of friendship. For instance, you wouldn't write the same sort of chummy, intimate letter to a business acquaintance or a new friend that you would to an old friend.

But above all, keep your letters fresh, interesting, original, with a touch of humor in them. Everybody loves a laugh.

Give it to your friends in the letters that you write.

* * * * *

In the mail one morning Tom found the following delightful tidings:

*Mr. and Mrs. Howard A. Winters
request the honor of your presence
at the marriage of their daughter*

Mabel Jane

to

Mr. Richard Steele

*on Wednesday afternoon, January twelfth
at five o'clock*

Saint James Church

Plainview

* * * * *

Mr. Thomas Harley

accepts with pleasure

*Mr. and Mrs. Howard A. Winters'
kind invitation to be present at the
marriage of their daughter*

Mabel Jane

to

Mr. Richard Steele

*on Wednesday the twelfth of January
at five o'clock*

Tom Writes to Alice About Dick's Wedding

The following week Tom writes to Alice, touching upon recent happenings and telling about Dick's coming wedding. Here is what he writes:

Dear Alice: , Wednesday.

"Here comes the bride da-da-de-da." Can you picture me coming up the church aisle trying to act natural, as a best man should, and succeeding in looking dumb and foolish? Well, that's my part, so Dick says, in the coming ceremony. Honest, I feel as if *I'm* the one that's getting married. I'm as nervous as a prima donna. I wish the darn thing was over. I feel like Dick about weddings. Everybody says, "What a sweet bride!" Nobody ever says, "What a handsome bridegroom!" or "What a handsome best man!"

Of course, it will help to have you as a bridesmaid. You will look sweet and charming and will keep me from jumping out the window. Wouldn't it be an innovation to have weddings without a bridegroom and best man? Well, that's that. I'm elected and I've got to go through with it.

Alice, I attended a very lovely affair last week, a country club dance. One of our vice-presidents is a member of the Old Meadow Country Club out on Long Island. He plays golf and tennis

a lot—in fact, he has had me out playing golf with him. Well, last Saturday night the club put on a dinner and dance, and say, did we have a good time? You tell 'em, Sadie!

The dinner was delicious and the music exquisite—the kind that won't let you miss one dance. And what a jolly crowd! Of course, the members brought some of that "good time" on the hip. But it certainly was a jolly, singing, dancing, playful bunch.

The only fly in the ointment—and there must always be some joy-killer—was our vice-president's daughter. She was one of those haughty, snobbish, bored creatures who acted as if life was a nuisance. She put a bit of a wet blanket on what otherwise would have been a perfect party. And the annoying thing is that Mr. Rowell, our vice-president, seems to want me to take a lot of interest in Amy, his daughter. That makes it hard for me because I have to be nice to her. Well, if he thinks he can engineer a romance, he's got another guess coming. Every day will be battle day to whoever marries her.

I've been wondering if you still insist on taking that silly musical tour. Well, there's nothing more that I can say, for no matter how you justify the trip to your satisfaction you merely convince me more than ever that it is unwise for you to go. However, you are your

own boss. Perhaps if I were there, I could talk you out of it.

Keep me posted on the arrangements for Mabel's and Dick's wedding. That, of course, is the big social event of the season in Plainview. Also tell me the news about yourself. It seems so long since I've seen you. Honest, I miss you, Alice, more than I can ever tell you. Old friends are better than new friends; I have found that out. I would rather have one night with you than a month of nights with some of these New York flappers.

Good night, Alice. Take care of yourself, and think of me as a very lonesome young man.

As ever,
Tom.

At last, Tom is giving way to his true feelings. Each day now he feels drawn more closely to Alice. He misses her more, worries more about the tour she is about to take, and yet he does not know just what to do about the situation. Alice has certainly "played her cards" right. She has him in a position of mental torture, whereas he at first seemed to gloat over the fact that he was in a superior social swim and she was simply a little small-town country girl.

* * * * *

Things are happening fast now. Dick's wedding is only three weeks off. And Alice plans to go on tour immediately after. She, too, has a yearning for Tom, and if he would come home

at this time and propose to her, she would gladly cancel her tour, in all probability.

Here is the answer Alice writes to Tom's previous letter. Note its brevity. Another point to remember when writing to a man in Tom's present mental condition is that you shouldn't overplay your part. Keep yourself slightly aloof. That makes you all the more desirable.

Wednesday.

Dear Tom:

I laughed myself sick at the thought expressed in your letter. You know what I mean—the idea of your looking so foolish coming up the church aisle. I don't know why it is you men always act like bashful children at such a beautiful, impressive function as a wedding. But that seems to be chronic and there's nothing we girls can do to help you. Goodness knows, we are nervous, too, only we don't show it.

Wasn't it too bad that your country club party had to be spoiled. However, you probably are not doing the girl justice. Perhaps when you get to know her better she will prove to be a darling, sweet, lovable girl. It's really wrong to judge people so hastily, Tom.

And please don't let's discuss my musical tour any more. We just don't agree, and why cause any unpleasantness about it?

You can guess that Mabel is very busy these days. So am I. What with

the dressmaker, and hundreds of other details to take care of, I have had hardly any real recreation for the past month. Of course, Henry Baxter takes me for a ride in his new car occasionally, and we have little informal parties at the house once in awhile, still the big event is Mabel's wedding. Everyone is looking forward to it. Honest, you'd think she was a queen.

All your old friends will certainly be glad to see you again. It will seem like old times, Tom. As to your being lonesome—I'm surprised. How about all the sweet girls you met last summer and this fall? I think you are spoofing me, Tom.

You'll excuse me for cutting this letter short, as I simply must do the hundred and one things that I promised to do tonight.

Hastily yours,
ALICE.

Note the strength of brevity. Just when Tom yearns for a long, sympathetic letter, he gets a brief one. Notice how Alice skillfully defends Tom's vice-president's daughter—good strategy. Imagine yourself in Tom's situation. Wouldn't you feel like jumping on the next train, going home to Alice as soon as you could get there, and telling her the things that have been boiling within you for weeks? Certainly. You would want to clasp her to you, tell her how you've missed her, how you can't live without her—and all the things that passionate lovers have said.

Tom Starts for Home

The time has come for Dick's wedding. It is now only three days away. Tom has made his preparations to leave for his home town and writes the following short letter to Dick:

Sunday.

Dear Dick:

Well, this reminds me of the story of the man who was about to be married. It was the day before the wedding. A friend clapped him on the shoulder and said, "Well, old pal, this is the happiest day of your life." The prospective bridegroom looked puzzled and replied, "Why, I'm not being married until tomorrow." "I know it," remarked his friend; "that's why I say this is the happiest day of your life."

Well, old-timer, I'm ready for the big show. I will leave here tomorrow—be in Plainview on Tuesday, and so will be with you on your last day of bachelorhood. We might be able to round up some of the old gang and have a little stag party—a sort of farewell to you.

But all kidding aside, you are going to be a happy man, Dick. You are going to marry the dearest, sweetest girl in the world—with possibly one exception. Yes, I mean Alice. I'm not ashamed to admit it to you, old pal, the last few months have opened my

eyes. I love her, and I'm going to tell her so when I see her. And, oh, Dick, I can hardly wait to clasp her in my arms and pour out the things that I haven't dared write to her.

"Distance lends enchantment." "Absence makes the heart grow fonder." It's true, Dick. I had to come to New York to realize that after all there's only one girl for me.

And yet there's a doubt in my mind. Does she love me? Does she care more for me than for her musical career? These are the things that have tortured my mind, and have caused many a sleepless night for the past two months. And she doesn't know anything about it. She thinks I have been having the time of my life. If she only knew.

All this will probably amaze you, Dick, but I had to open up to someone or I'd burst.

So you see your wedding gives me a plausible excuse for returning to Plainview. And believe me, I'm going to take advantage of the opportunity. I'm going to get her answer before I return to New York. I can't stand being in this mental state any longer.

So long till I see you, old pal. Gee, it will be great to be with you again—to see the old friends—in other words, to come home. Home, sweet home.

As ever,
Tom.

Naturally, Tom's letter amazed Dick, who considered Tom cynical and heart-free. Time was too short to answer Tom's letter, so Dick saves his reply until Tom returns to Plainview.

The same day that Tom wrote to Dick, he also wrote the following short letter to Alice. He was so choked with emotion that he could not trust himself to write much for fear he would blurt out the things that he wanted only to whisper in her ear—to tell her while he was holding her dear, soft hands:

Dear Alice:

Sunday.

I can appreciate how it must feel to a criminal who has only two days between prison bars and liberty. The minutes drag unmercifully slow, the hours are like days, time seems to stop.

I never knew I was so homesick until this past week. I am homesick for you, for Dick, for everyone and everything that reminds me of my childhood days, those dear, wonderful days when we never knew care and worry. And coming home to me seems like starting life all over again. My year in New York has seemed more like a dream than a reality.

And in a way I envy Dick and Mabel their love, their happiness, their prospects of a bright, sunny future. It makes me feel so all alone—so lonely. What does business success amount to when you are unhappy, unsettled, dissatisfied?

But why should I be talking this way to you? Why should I, on the eve of

this big event of Dick's, talk like an undertaker? I don't know, unless . . .

Well, when I see you perhaps I can explain the reason for my apparent raving.

All's ready, Alice, as far as I am concerned, for the big event that is going to unite Dick and Mabel until death do them part.

I wrote Dick I would be there Tuesday—that he ought to have a little bachelor party before his wedding. But probably he'll be too excited to enjoy it.

On Tuesday, too, I hope to see you, Alice. Remember, it's almost a year since we have seen each other. And there are so many things to say!

No, I will save everything until I see you, and I'm wondering if you will look any different—if you have changed—if your hair looks the same way—if the things you say and the way you say them will bring back again the dear old days of long ago.

Good night, Alice. I am counting the hours now.

As ever,
Tom.

See how Tom almost "let's himself go"—almost tells her the things he is longing to say. Alice must realize, must at least have an inkling of his intentions. And it fills her with a strange joy—an indescribable elation. Her subconscious mind seems to whisper over and over again to her, "You have won; you have won."

CHAPTER VIII

Tom Returns to New York

Tom has returned to New York after Dick's wedding. The things he had made up his mind to tell Alice were left untold because of lack of courage and opportunity.

He immediately resumes his letter writing—finding it easier to write what his lips found it hard to say:

Dear Alice:

Monday.

The city has lost its charm. Nothing seems to satisfy me. I am irritable, moody and gloomy. I'm a changed boy from the one you said good-bye to at the station.

And you are the reason why! While on the train coming back I thought of nothing else but you. And you can't imagine how much pleasure my thoughts gave to me. And I also thought of the many things I had to say to you, but opportunity and courage failed me.

I feel lonesome and blue tonight, and I want to go home. If it were not for the splendid business opportunity that I have in the bank I would pack my bag and take the next train home. But I must grin and bear it.

All day long I have been thinking of when I will be able to see you again. I hope that you will keep your promise to visit New York. You and your aunt will have a delightful time, I am sure.

Count on me to be at your beck and call at any hour of the day or night.

I had better stop writing immediately, because in my present mood I am apt to write something that would surprise you!

Please send this lonesome boy a letter—soon.

Tom.

* * * * *

Tom has lost his heart to Alice, but does not want to say it. Observe how he informs her that he is very much impressed with her. And yet he makes no mention of love. Note how he calls to her attention his business future. He knows that girls are very much interested in a man's ability to earn money—for although money may not be the great aim in life, it will furnish many comforts.

Note that Tom does not attempt to make any definite plans for Alice's and her aunt's visit to the city. He allows them to plan their time to suit their own convenience—and he offers to arrange his time to suit theirs.

In closing his letter, Tom plays up to Alice's curiosity. He also makes a definite request for an answer.

Alice loves Tom, but she doubts his sincerity. All his life he has boasted of his love conquests, and she wants to be sure Tom is not just playing a game with her. She would rather lose him than run after him.

She knows that at one time Tom was almost engaged to a girl in town, but the match fell through. Therefore, Alice has decided to play safe and make Tom do all the wooing and worrying.

Alice answers Tom's letter as follows:

Wednesday.

Dear lonesome Tom:

It was nice to get your letter so soon after you reached the city. I thought you would be so busy calling on your city girls that you would forget all about me.

But I am surprised and sorry to learn that you are lonesome. It seems almost impossible for a sheik like you to be lonesome—you always have had so many girl acquaintances.

Tom, you may be a little moody and gloomy, but don't be irritable. You know that it is neither natural nor becoming to you. Alice does not like irritable boys. Poor boy, the trouble with you is that you are homesick. Keep thinking about the splendid business opportunity that you have in the city and how happy you will be in later years with the income that your business training will bring you.

We plan to come to your great big city even sooner than I expected. We plan to arrive on Saturday and to remain for a week. We certainly shall be glad to see you. I am anxious to see the inside of that big bank which you have been telling me so much about. It will make me feel so proud to see my playmate seated at a big desk in a private office.

You may reach me in New York after Saturday (we expect to reach our hotel at about 4 p. m.) by calling Circle 5900.

I shall be mighty glad to see you again.

Sincerely,

ALICE.

* * * * *

Note how Alice makes it plain to Tom that she is under the impression that he is not in love with her. She insinuates that he is homesick—not lovesick. She also has the touch of warmth in her letter—in her reference to Tom's disposition. The paragraph in Alice's letter about seeing Tom in his private office at the bank will give him something to think about. He was bluffing about his private office—never thinking that Alice would be in a position to check up on him. But bluffers always do get caught—so don't bluff.

Here is Tom's answer—sent by special delivery:

Thursday.

Dear Alice:

Circle 5900—I have been thinking of that number ever since you told it to me. I wish Saturday were here so that I could call it and hear your sweet voice. Why didn't you tell me the train on which you were coming? I should have been delighted to meet you.

We will have a wonderful time in the city together. There are so many things I want to show you.

Take good care of your self on the way here—I shall see to it that you are taken care of when you are here.

As ever,

TOM.

On Saturday Tom was waiting at the station exit for Alice and her aunt. A time table told him two trains that could bring Alice. When the first train arrived Tom stood at the exit, peering at faces—but luck was against him, for he did not see Alice. Three hours later Tom was delighted to see Alice and her aunt approaching him.

Needless to say, it pleased Alice to find Tom so attentive, for on the train she had found herself wishing that he would be at the station.

This being a book of letters and not a tale of two lovers, we must skip the details of the happy time that Tom and Alice had together in New York City.

The day after Alice arrived home, the following letter reached her:

Monday.

My dear Alice:

Thank you a thousand times for your telegram telling me of your safe arrival home. I found myself worrying about you. One would think you were going home on the tail of a kite, the way my nerves bothered me. But the train carried a million dollars' worth of precious girl when it took you back home.

I will say without hesitation that in all my life I never had a better time than the hours I spent with you during the past week. Fifth Avenue never saw a better dressed girl—and Broadway never saw a better looking girl than you. You can't imagine how proud I was to be with you.

I am sorry you did not find time to come to my bank. I wanted to show the boys what Tom Harley's best girl looks like.

Every hour seems like a year since you left New York. You can't imagine how much I wish that you were back here—or better still—that I were in Plainview.

Be a good little girl and send me a letter soon, and make me a happy

TOM.

Tuesday.

My dearest Alice:

Do not be surprised at the way I start this letter, for that is how I feel. The letter I sent you last night did not express my true feelings. After it was on the way to you I realized that I was torturing myself by thinking one way and writing another. And, so I cannot refrain from telling you that which I think of as a secret, but which, I am sure, you already know—I *love you*.

Alice, I adore, I idolize you. Day and night I think of you, for you are my Dream Girl, my inspiration, and my very life.

I clearly see now that I have always loved you. I loved you when I sat alongside of you at school, even though I pulled your golden curls when you teased me about my spelling. I loved you when I chased a mile after Bill Alden when he stole your Hallowe'en pumpkin. I loved you when we sat beneath the apple tree and planned our futures. You will recall I was man enough then to boldly tell you that I loved you—and mean enough to pinch your rosy cheeks when you shyly refused to commit yourself. Later, when Dick, Mabel, you and I chummed together, I loved you dearly, but somehow I lost the boldness to express it.

I smile now when I think of how I envied Dick when he so often said:

"Mabel is my sweetheart, and some day we will marry." To myself I would always say: "Alice is a thousand times sweeter than Mabel—and some day *we* will marry."

It was my love for you that made me leave Plainview—leave you and all the people in the world who were so near and dear to me. To me New York offered opportunity. And what was opportunity?—simply a means of furnishing money that would buy for *us* the necessities and luxuries of life. It gave me a chance to prove my worth as a man—to convince myself and others, that I could provide for a wife and a family. And I have proved, beyond doubt, that I can.

Alice, you will never know the heart-aches I suffered the first six months I was in New York. During the day, while in the bank, I was content, for my time was well occupied. But from the moment I left the bank, until I returned the next morning, I was like a lost soul. No real friends, no home-life—nothing to do but think of Plainview and of how long it would be before I could return. At night I would walk along Broadway in the midst of thousands of people, each elbowing their way through the crowds, anxious to reach his respective destination. It seemed to me that each person found in the crowd someone he knew and with whom he could bid the time of day. And I knew no

one, and no one seemed to care to know me.

Alice, in the midst of the thousands of people on this busy avenue, I was more lonesome than if I were lost in the Sahara Desert. The optimistic letters I wrote home were prompted by my pride rather than my heart. People invited me out, not for myself—but because they felt sorry for “the lonesome boy from Plainview.”

I am making this confession to you now, Alice dear, because I want you to realize that my life in New York was not a grand, glorious holiday, as you hinted last week.

Last week! The most wonderful week in my lifetime. To have you near me, Alice; to see your big brown eyes; to hear your soft, sweet voice. You were so interested when I told you of my future business plans; so patient when I told you of the happenings on my vacation, even though I mentioned other girls; so sympathetic when I told you of my boarding house troubles. You were the Alice of my dreams, and you proved to be more beautiful and fascinating than my Dream Girl.

Alice, dearest, I gave you my heart years ago; now I ask that you allow me to give you my undying love and my faithful promise to cherish and protect you with my body and soul as long as we live.

Alice, my darling, say that you will be mine and I will make you the happiest girl on earth.

Please, please do not keep me in suspense. Each moment will seem a year until your answer comes.

And we will be happy, darling, for I will always be

Your devoted lover,
Tom.

Tom has written the most important letter of his life—the letter of marriage proposal. Observe that he is frank in his expression of love—for that is as it should be. He clearly states his feelings in words that Alice cannot fail to understand.

Note how he brings Alice's thoughts back to days of their childhood. In this way he proves to her that his is not a case of sudden infatuation, but a love that was born many, many years ago, and one that grew stronger and stronger as the years went by.

Tom expresses his comparison of Alice and Mabel in rather strong language, but he knows that it will please Alice to learn how much he loves her.

Tom's confession as to why he left Plainview will clear up in Alice's mind any doubt that she may have had of his constant sincerity.

It is of interest to note that Tom takes it for granted that Alice's answer will be in the affirmative. In doing so he helps Alice make up her

mind—and also makes it extremely difficult for Alice to refuse him.

Alice Answers Tom

A few hours after Alice received Tom's letter of proposal she wrote the following letter:

My darling Tom: Thursday.

Your beautiful letter came to me an hour ago. I am so happy! To think that the darling boy I have secretly loved all my life loves me and has asked me to marry him.

I have always loved you, Tom. You were my first sweetheart and my only one. We will be happy, darling—happier than any couple in the whole world.

Mrs. Harley—how proud I will be to bear that name, and how I will strive to be a credit to it.

Tom, please come to me just as soon as you can. I want to hear your dear voice say: "Alice, my sweetheart, I love you." And I want to say to you: "Tom, you are my very own and I adore you."

I love you, Tom darling, and I will always be your little sweetheart,

ALICE.

* * * * *

And so they were married and lived happily ever after!

CHAPTER IX

Now see if you have profited by this book.

Read some of the following scenarios, then write a few letters; it will give you splendid practice.

The quickest and easiest way to find out how much you have learned from this book—to find out how much you have improved, and where you are still weak in letter writing, is to write a few specimen letters.

No amount of reading can take the place of actual letter writing to get practical experience from your study of this subject.

Therefore, I urge you in order that you may get the greatest possible benefit from this book to read the following scenarios, then take a pad and pencil and compose a few specimen letters that will appropriately cover the situations outlined. When your letters are written, read them carefully, checking them against the points brought out in the scenarios. You will quickly see how you have improved your writing style from what you have absorbed by reading this book. You will also detect your own weaknesses. And you will see, at each new letter that you write, how you are gradually overcoming your troubles in letter writing. Soon you will be able to write without a moment's hesitation letters

that are as interesting, original in thought, persuasive and complete as those that appear in the previous pages of this book, and which, perhaps, as you first read them, made you fervently wish that you could write letters like them. You can write such letters. Better ones, too! Practice, and the will to do it, are all you need.

What kind of letter would you write in this case?

Tom Brown and Mary Powell have been good friends for years. An estrangement has arisen over a trivial matter—Mary felt that Tom had neglected her and shown too much attention to another girl at a dance to which he took Mary.

Write a diplomatic letter, putting yourself in Tom's position. It need not be an apology, but it must be a very good and courteous explanation.

Try your hand on this one:

Pearl Bowen meets a very nice young man by the name of Jack Flint at a seashore resort where both happen to be spending a vacation. Jack is a very desirable "catch." He has money, a good position, good clean character, and likable disposition. On his return to the city, Jack writes Pearl a short letter, telling her how much he enjoyed her company at the seashore.

Now you write a letter, putting yourself in Pearl's position, inviting Jack to a gathering of friends that you are to have at the house. Remember, don't put your letter on a too-intimate and friendly basis, and don't appear over-anxious for his company. Let your letter have the

warmth of friendliness, but let it be reserved at the same time.

This should be easy:

Assuming that a gentleman friend has given you an unusually good time—a day's automobile trip, including a wonderful dinner at a well-known and expensive inn, ending up by attending theatre in town in the evening, write a short note expressing your pleasure and inviting him to the house for tea the following Sunday evening.

An important kind of letter:

Write a letter, following the instructions contained in the early part of this book, applying for a position. Address your letter to an imaginary employer, and apply for whatever kind of position you believe yourself suited for.

The kind of letter we all must write sometimes:

Write a sympathetic letter of condolence to a friend who has just lost his mother. Such a letter, while sympathizing with your friend in his bereavement, must also by its tone and language make him feel that God does all things for the best and that we must bow to His will and be reconciled to our loss.

A letter of inspiration:

Assume that a friend who is a traveling salesman writes a letter to you from some small town on his route telling you how discouraged he is with his work, his sales, his future prospects.

Here is your opportunity to write a bright, cheery letter, every word of which will breathe hope, determination and ambition into a homesick heart.

A letter of good wishes:

A friend has just sent you an announcement of her engagement. Write a short, friendly letter of congratulations and good wishes.

The kind you like to write:

Write a letter to an imaginary friend, telling him or her of your vacation experiences. Here is an opportunity for an interesting, narrative type of letter.

This calls for diplomacy:

A girl friend of yours is about to announce her engagement to a young man about whom you know something that makes you think him unworthy of the love of a sweet, pure girl. Write a letter to your girl friend, and in a sincere, friendly, tactful way acquaint her with sufficient of the facts—without unnecessary slander—to make her stop and think, and to investigate into his past.

A letter of persuasiveness:

Assume that you have moved into a new and delightful suburban development, and that you are anxious for a friend and her family to move out and join you. Write a letter, outlining the delightful location, fine homes, congenial neighbors, transportation facilities—in short, the kind

of letter that will "sell" the development to your friend.

The importance of tact:

Assume that a young man whom you do not care for is continually seeking your company. Write a short letter to him explaining in a tactful way that will not hurt his feelings, that it is best for him to spend his time in company with someone else who will regard him more seriously than you can find yourself able to. Bring out the fact that you do not think it right for him to be spending money on you, when some other girl would appreciate it more fully. Write the letter from his standpoint rather than from your own.

Perhaps the most important letter in a young man's life:

Here is an opportunity for you young men to devise a letter that you may some day wish to send to someone—a letter proposing marriage to the girl of your dreams. Don't "slop over" with emotion. Keep your letter sane—but put enough feeling into it so that the recipient will realize you are sincere and mean every word you say.

And the great answer:

Now assume that you are the young lady who has just received the letter of proposal mentioned above. Write two letters, as follows:

Letter A: A letter gracefully accepting the proposal.

Letter B: A refusal.

Rules That Will Help You

Expressions repeated must be separated by a comma. A phrase or clause which explains in any degree the meaning of any other phrase or clause is separated from it by a comma. All modifying expressions, unless closely connected with the rest of the sentence, are separated by a comma.

A comma must be used in sentences which would otherwise be misunderstood; where a word is understood, unless the connection is close.

An interrogation point is placed after every sentence, phrase, clause or word which denotes a direct question. An interrogation point enclosed in parentheses is often used to denote doubt.

An exclamation point is placed after every exclamatory sentence, clause, phrase, or word. Where special emphasis is required, several exclamation points may be used. An exclamation point enclosed in parentheses is used to denote particular surprise. Most interjections take an exclamation point after them.

A sudden turn in a sentence is shown by a dash. An omission of the middle numbers in a regular series is denoted by a dash. The omission of a word, or part of a word, is denoted by a dash. It is usually placed before the answer to a question, when they both belong to the same line. It is often used instead of the parenthesis marks. It is commonly used before an expression repeated for special emphasis. It follows the sentence which introduces a quotation,

when the quotation commences a new paragraph. It is often used to avoid too many paragraphs.

Every quoted passage is enclosed in quotation marks. Quotations consisting of more than one paragraph have the first quotation marks at the beginning of each paragraph, but the second is used only at the end of the last paragraph. When a quoted passage requires special attention, the first quotation mark may be used at the commencement of each line. When one quotation includes another, the latter has but half the first quotation mark before it, and half the second mark after it.

Marks of Accent

Accent is stress of voice laid on a certain syllable. When a word is uttered, the syllable that receives the stress is said to be accented. These marks are used by writers to denote the proper pronunciation of words.

The Acute (á) is represented by a mark over a letter, or syllable, to show that it must be pronounced with a rising inflection; as, Européan. The Grave (à) must be pronounced with a falling inflection: "Will you wàlk, or ride?" The Circumflex (â) represents the union of the acute and grave accents in the same syllable; as, Montréal. The Diæresis (ä) is placed over the latter of two vowels to show that they are to be pronounced in separate syllables; as, coöperate. The Cedilla (ç) or cerilla, placed under the letter c, shows that it has the sound of s; it is used chiefly in words derived from the French language; thus, garçon, in

which the ç is to be pronounced like s. The Tilde (ñ) is placed over the letter n in Spanish to give it the sound of ny; as, señor, miñon.

Other Marks

The Index (☞) invites special attention.

The Stars (*** or N. B., are used for a similar purpose.

The Brace ({}) connects several words with one common term.

The Paragraph (¶) begins a new subject.

The Section (§) is used to sub-divide chapters.

The Use of Capitals

1. Every entire sentence should begin with a capital.
2. Proper names, and adjectives derived from these, should begin with a capital.
3. All appellations of the Deity should begin with a capital.
4. Official and honorary titles begin with a capital.
5. Every line of poetry should begin with a capital.
6. Titles of books and the heads of their chapters and divisions begin with capitals.
7. The pronoun I, and the exclamation, O, are always capitals.
8. The days of the week, and the months of the year, begin with capitals.
9. Every quotation should begin with a capital letter.
10. Names of religious denominations begin with capitals.
11. In preparing accounts, each item should begin with a capital.
12. Any word of very special importance may begin with a capital.

Words Often Mispronounced

Again, pronounced *a-gen*
Alien, *ale-yen*
Antipodes, *an-tip-o-dees*
Apostle, as *a-pos'l*, without the *t*
Arch, artch in compounds of our own language, as
in archbishop; but *ark* in words derived from
the Greek, as archangel, *ark-ain-gel*; archives,
ar-kivz, etc.
Asia, *a-shia*
Asparagus, as spelled, not asparagrass
Aunt, *ant*, not *awnt*
Awkward, *awk-wurd*, not *awk-urd*
Bade, *bad*
Because, *be-caws*, not *be-coz*
Been, *bin*
Beloved, as a verb, *be-luvd*; as an adjective, *be-luv-*
ed. Blessed, cursed, etc., the same rule.
Beneath, with the *th* as in breath
Biography, as spelled, not *beography*
Caprice, *capreece*
Catch, as spelled, not *ketch*
Chaos, *ka-oss*
Charlatan, *shar-latan*
Chasm, *kazm*
Chasten, *chasn*
Chivalry, *shiv-alry*
Chemistry, *kem'-is-try*
Choir, *kwire*
Conduit, *kun-duit*
Corps, *kor*; the plural, *korz*
Covetous, *cuv-e-tus*
Courteous, *curt-yus*

Courtesy (politeness) *cur-te-sey*
Courtesy (a salutation), *curt-sey*
Cresses, as spelled, not *cree-ses*
Curiosity, *cu-re-os-e-ty*
Cushion, *coosh-un*, not *coosh-in*
Daunt, *dawnt*, not *dant* or *darnt*
Desire, with the sound of *z*
Dew, *due*, not *doo*
Diamond, as spelled, not *di-mond*
Diploma, *de-plo-ma*, not *dip-lo-ma*
Diplomacy, *de-plo-ma-cy*, not *de-plo-ma-cy*
Duke, as spelled, not *dook*
Edict, *e-dickt*, not *ed-ickt*
E'en and e'er, *een* and *air*
Egotism, *e-go-tism*, not *eg-o-tism*
Engine, *en-jin*, not *in-jin*
Epistle, without the *t*
Epitome, *e-pit-o-me*
Epoch, *ep-ock*, not *e-pock*
Equinox, *e-qui-nox*, not *eq-kwe-nox*
Europe, *U-rup*, not *U-rope*
Euro-pe-an, not *Eu-ro-pean*
Every, *ev-er-y*, not *ev-ry*
Executor, *egz-ec-utor*.
Extraordinary, *ex-tror-di-ner-i*
February, as spelled, not *Febuary*
Finance, *fe-nance*, not *fi-nance*
Foundling, as spelled, not *fond-ling*
Garden, *gar-din*, not *gar-den*, nor *gard-ing*
Gauntlet, *gawnt-let*, not *gant-let*
Geography, as spelled, not *jog-raphy*
Geometry, as spelled, not *jom-etry*
Haunt, *hawnt*, not *hant*
Height, *hite*, not *highth*.

Heinous, *hay-nus*, not *hee-nus*
Horizon, *ho-ri-zn*, not *hor-i-son*
Hymeneal, *hy-men-e-al*, not *hy-menal*
Instead, *in-sted*, not *instid*
Isolate, *i-so-late*, not *iz-late*, nor *is-late*
Jalap, *jal-ap*, not *jolup*
January, as spelled, not *Jenuity* nor *Janewary*
Leave, as spelled, not leaf
Legend, *lej-end*, or *le-gend*
Many, *men-ney*, not *man-ny*
Marchioness, *mar-shun-ess*
Massacre, *mas-sa-ker*
Medicine, *med-e-cin*
Minute (sixty seconds), *min-it*
Minute (small), *mi-nute*
Mischievous, *mis-chiv-us*
Ne'er, for never, nare
New, nu, not noo
Oblige, as spelled, not *obleege*
Oblique, *ob-leek*, or *o-blike*
Off, as spelled, not awf.
Organization, *or-gan-i-za-shun*
Ostrich, *os-trich*, not *os-tridge*
Pageant, *paj-ent*, not *pa-jant*
Physiognomy, as *fiz-i-og-nomy*, not *physionnomy*
Pincers, *pin-cerz*, not *pinch-ers*
Plaintiff, as spelled, not *plantiff*
Precedent (an example), *pres-e-dent*
Prologue, *pro-log*, not *prol-og*
Radish, as spelled, not *red-ish*
Rather, *ra-ther*, not *ray-ther*
Resort, *re-zort*
Resound, *re-sound*
Respite, *res-pit*, not as spelled

Rout (a party; and to rout), pronounced rowt
Route (a road), root or rowt
Saunter, *sawn-ter*, not *sarn-ter*, or *san-ter*
Sausage, *saw-sage*, not *sos-sidge*, *sas-sidge*
Schedule, *sked-ule*, not *shed-ule*
Seamstress, *seem-stress*
Soldier, *sole-jer*
Solecism, *sol-e-cism*, not *so-le-cism*
Soot, as spelled, not *sut*
Stomacher, *stum-a-cher*
Stone, as spelled, not *stun*
Synod, *sin-od*, not *sy-nod*
Tenure, *ten-ure*, not *te-nure*
Tenet, *ten-et*, not *te-net*
Twelfth, should have the th sounded
Umbrella, as spelled, not *um-ber-el-la*
Vase, *vaiz* or *vahz*, not *vawze*
Was, *woz*, not *wuz*
Weary, *weer-i*, not *wary*
Were, *wer*, not *ware*
Yacht, *yot*, not *yat*
Zenith, *zen-ith*, not *ze-nith*
Zodiac, *so-de-ak*
Zoology should have both o's sounded, as *zo-ol-o-gy*,
not *zoo-logy* or *zoo-ology*.

CHAPTER X

Simple Rules to Remember

Words ending in *e* drop that letter before the termination *able*, as in *move*, *movable*, unless ending in *ce* or *ge*, when it is retained, as in *change*, *changeable*, etc.

Words of one syllable ending in a consonant, with a single vowel before it, double that consonant in derivatives, as *ship*, *shipping*, etc. But if ending in a consonant with a double vowel before it, they do not double the consonant in derivatives; as *troop*, *trooper*, etc.

Words of more than one syllable ending in a consonant preceded by a single vowel, and accented on the last syllable, double that consonant in derivatives; as *commit*, *committed*; but except *chagrin*, *chagrined*.

All words of one syllable ending in *l*, with a single vowel before it, have double *ll* at the close; as *mill*, *sell*.

All words of one syllable ending in *l*, with a double vowel before it, have only one *l* at the close; as *mail*, *sail*.

The words *foretell*, *distill*, *instill* and *fulfill* retain the double *l* of their primitives. Derivatives of *dull*, *skill*, *will*, and *full* also retain the *ll* when the accent falls on these words; as *dullness*, *skillful*, *willful*, *fullness*.

Words of more than one syllable ending in *l* have only one *l* at the close; as *delightful*, *faithful*; unless the accent falls on the last syllable; as in *befall*, etc.

Words ending in *l*, double that letter in the termination *ly*.

Participles ending in *ing*, from verbs ending in *e*, lose the final *e*; as *have*, *having*; *make*, *making*, etc.; but verbs ending in *ee* retain both, *see*, *seeing*. *Dye*, to color, and *singe*, to scorch, however, must retain the *e* before *ing*.

All adverbs ending in *ly* and nouns ending in *ment* retain the *e* final of the primitives; as *brave*, *bravely*; *refine*, *refinement*; except words ending in *dge*; as *judge*, *judgment*.

Nouns ending in *y*, preceded by a vowel, form their plural by adding *s*; as *money*, *moneys*; but if *y* is preceded by a consonant, it is changed to *ies* in the plural; as *bounty*, *bounties*.

Words whose primitives end in *y* change the *y* into *i*; as *beauty*, *beautiful*.

* * * * *

The Comma (,) denotes a slight pause, and divides a sentence into its component parts. The Semicolon (;) denotes a longer pause, and also divides compound sentences. The Colon (:) is placed between the chief divisions of a sentence, when these are but slightly connected. The Period (.) denotes the end of a sentence. The Dash (—) denotes a sudden change of subject. The Interrogation Point (?) is used after a question. The Exclamation Point (!) denotes wonder or astonishment. The Parenthesis () includes something

not essential to the sense. Quotation marks ("") indicate a verbatim quotation. The Hyphen (-) connects the syllables, or parts of a word. The Caret (^) denotes that something has been omitted. Brackets ([]) are chiefly used to denote corrections. Ellipsis (* * *) (.) denotes the omission of letters or words. The Index (☞) points to something of special significance.

Rules for Punctuation

A period is placed after every declarative and imperative sentence. After all abbreviations. After numbers in the Roman notation.

A colon is placed between the chief divisions of a sentence, when they are but slightly connected, and they are themselves divided by some other mark. After a sentence which announces a distinct quotation. Between clauses when the connection is so slight that any of them might be a distinct sentence.

A semicolon should separate a succession of clauses depending on one principal expression, after an expression which introduces particulars. When a clause especially explains the meaning of some other expression, it is separated from that expression by a semicolon. To divide a sentence into sections, when the various parts are not sufficiently independent to require a colon.

A comma is placed between the particulars mentioned in a succession of words all in the same construction. Between each pair of words, when each pair is in the same construction. Before and one after every parenthetical expression. Before a quotation closely connected with the preceding words.

Pronounce

- age, not *idge*, as *bondage*
- ain, *ane*, not *in*, as *curtain*, not *curtin*
- ate, not *it*, as *moderate*, not *moderit*
- ect, not *ec*, as *object*, not *objec*
- ed, not *id*, or *ud*, as *wicked*, not *wickid*, or *wickud*
- el, not *l*, as *model*, not *mod'l*; *novel*, not *nov'l*
- en, not *n*, as *sudden*, not *suddn*; *burden*, *burthen*, *garden*, *lengthen*, *seven*, *strengthen*, *often*, and a few others have the *e* silent
- ence, not *unce*, as *licence*, not *licunce*
- es, not *is*, as *pleases*, not *pleasis*
- ile, should be pronounced *il*, *tensil*, not *ten-sile*, in all words except *camomile*, *exile*, *gentile*, *infantile*, *reconcile*, and *senile*, which are pronounced *ile*
- in, not *n*, as *satin*, not *satn*
- nd, not *n*, as *thousand* not *thousan*
- ness not *niss*, as *harness*, not *harniss*
- ng, not *n*, as *singing*, not *singin*
- ngth, *nth*, as *length*, not *lenth*
- son, the *o* should be silent, as *seazn*, not *sea-son*
- tal, not *tle*, as *metal*, not *mettle*
- xt, not *x*, as *text*, not *tex*

***Expressions That Should Be Written
as One Word***

myself	whoever	whenever
himself	anything	nevertheless
herself	something	inasmuch
itself	nothing	likewise
yourself	anybody	although
ourselves	everybody	altogether
yourselves	twofold	throughout
themselves	extraordinary	somewhat
oneself	overcome	sometimes
whatever	together	somehow
whichever	without	moreover

***Expressions That Should Be Written
as Separate Words***

all ready	in order
all right	in spite
any day	near by
any time	(on the) other hand
by and by	per cent (but <i>percent-</i>
by the bye	<i>age</i>)
by the way	some day
each other	some way
<i>en route</i>	any one
every day	every one
every time	some one
in fact	no one

Frequently Used Words, Similar in Sound, but Different in Meaning

In speaking, your lack of knowledge on the spelling of common words is not evident. But when you put your thoughts on paper, as you do in letter writing, you must not make blunders that will subject you to ridicule. Nothing ruins a good letter more quickly than some glaring error of spelling.

Therefore, study the words following; familiarize yourself with the difference in their meanings and the correct way to spell them:

Ail, Ale, Hail, Hale—The first means, to be unwell; the second, a liquor; third, frozen rain, or to call to a person; fourth, to be vigorous, as, "a hale old man."

Air, Ere, Hare, Hair, Heir—Air, the atmosphere we breathe; Ere means before, as, "ere I go;" Hare, a wild animal; Hair, the natural covering of the head; Heir, one coming into possession of property.

Bear, Bare, Bier, Beer—Bear, a wild animal, or to carry; Bare, naked; Bier, the frame on which a corpse is carried; Beer, a malt liquor.

Bore, Boar—Bore, to make a hole, or carried; Boar, the male swine.

Birth, Berth—Birth, coming into the world; Berth, the sleeping-place on board a vessel.

Bee, Be—Bee, the name of an insect; Be is used in every other instance.

Currant, Current—Currant, a fruit; Current, a stream.

Dose, Does—Dose, a draught of medicine; Does, to perform anything.

Dear, Deer—Dear, not cheap, a term of affection; Deer, an animal.

Ear, Hear, Here—Ear, a portion of the body; Hear, to listen or understand with the ear; Here, in this place.

Fourth, Forth—Fourth, next after third; Forth, forward.

Four, Fore—Four, the number after three; Fore, the front.

Great, Grate—Great, large; Grate, the place in which fuel is burned in the house.

Hole, Whole—Hole, an opening; Whole, entire, complete.

I, Eye—I, myself, when used so, must always be a capital; Eye, the organ of seeing.

Is, His—The rule for the correct use of these words is this; Where you can substitute Their for His, Is ought not to be used; in all other cases it should.

Know, No, Now—Know, to understand; No, is used as a denial; Now, the present time.

Old, Hold—Old, aged; Hold, to seize and keep.

Piece, Peace—Piece, a bit; Peace, quietness.

Pare, Pear, Pair—Pare, to cut or peel; Pear, a fruit; Pair, a couple, or two.

Rain, Rein, Reign—Rain, water from the clouds; Rein, one of the straps for guiding a horse; Reign, the time a sovereign is head of the nation.

Reed, Read, Red—Reed, a kind of tall grass; Read, sometimes pronounced red, the act of saying word after word in a book; when pronounced red, the act has been accomplished; Red, a color.

There, Their—There, in that place; when used before is, was or were, is always spelt as above; Their, means belonging to, and is used when you can substitute his in its stead.

Tow, Toe—Tow, the material from which ropes are made; Toe, a portion of the foot.

Vain, Vane—Vain, conceited, proud; Vane, a machine which indicates the quarter from whence the wind blows.

Vice, Vise—Vice, wickedness; Vise, a blacksmith's tool.

Were, Ware, Wear, Where—Were, a word used to express being; Ware, goods, as earthen ware; Wear, to make use of clothing, etc.; Where, to what place.

Write, Wright, Rite, Right—Write, to express your thoughts on paper; Wright, a man's name, or a mechanic; Rite, a form of ceremony; Right, not wrong.

CHAPTER XI

Specimen Letters for Everyday Social and Business Life

A letter of social introduction as between men:

MR. HERBERT PARSONS,
New York City.

Dear Herb:

The bearer of this letter is Mr. Abner Jones, an old friend of mine. Mr. Jones and I play golf together, belong to the same Rod and Gun Club, and altogether are very chummy.

Mr. Jones has expressed a desire to meet you, having heard of you through numerous mutual friends.

I'm sure you will like Mr. Jones and that your acquaintance will grow into a warm friendship.

As ever,

DICK SALISBURY.

A business letter of introduction as between gentlemen:

MR. HERBERT PARSONS,
New York City.

Dear Mr. Parsons:

This letter will introduce to you Mr. Silas Smith, who, I think, has a very interesting proposition to make to you.

From what he has told me and from what I hear about him, Mr. Smith is a highly reputable and successful business man. Therefore, I feel sure that meeting him, and considering the proposition he will make to you, will be time profitably spent.

Sincerely,

HARRY SPENCER.

A letter introducing a young lady to a business man:

MR. FRANK WATERMAN,
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Mr. Waterman:

Stopping at the Blackstone is a young lady by the name of Miss Ruth Hazleton. I told her while in Chicago to drop in and call on you, so I am writing you a word in advance so that you will know who she is.

Miss Hazleton is a very clever advertising writer and a charming girl. It is just possible that you can use a girl of Miss Hazleton's ability in your advertising department.

At any rate, I know you will be glad to meet her. Let her tell you of her experience and then you can decide whether or not she would be of value to your advertising staff.

With best wishes,

RICHARD TURPIN.

Here is a letter between girls. One girl writes to a friend introducing a Miss Halstead:

MISS HELEN TROY,
Albany, N. Y.

Dear Helen:

A very dear friend of mine, Miss Susan Flint, told me the other evening that she was going to be in Albany some day this week. Inasmuch as she knows no one in Albany, and inasmuch as I know you will be glad to meet Miss Flint, I told her to be sure to look you up. She promised to do so.

I know Susan will appeal to you—she is so sweet and interesting.

With best wishes,

Sincerely,

ALICE COONEY.

Business letter, acknowledging receipt of an order:

MR. CHARLES JONES,
Ashland, Pa.

Dear Sir:

In thanking you for your order of January 26th, let me assure you that you will be delighted with the cream separator you have selected. It is simple in operation, positive in action, easy to take apart to clean, and there is absolutely nothing to get out of order or cause you trouble of any kind.

If, however, you are not entirely satisfied with your purchase at the end of thirty days, please feel at liberty to return it to us for an exchange, or for your money back. No sale with us is complete until the customer is absolutely satisfied.

Thanking you again for your order, and looking forward to being of service again to you, I am

Yours very truly,

JAMES REGAN,
Mgr., Cream Separator Dept.,
Charles Roebuck Company.

Now for the kind of letter that no one likes to write, but which must nevertheless be written—a "dunning letter" requesting payment for goods:

IRVING T. TUTTLE,
Plainview, Tenn.

Dear Sir:

We had hoped that your satisfaction with the cigars shipped you a month ago would be such as to prompt you to remit for them by this time.

However, you have probably overlooked the matter, and therefore we just wish to remind you of the little item of \$5.95 on our books.

Our profit on cigars is so small that we must receive payment promptly in order to keep our business on a paying basis and we feel sure that you will send your check by return mail.

Trusting that you enjoyed the cigars immensely and that you will tell your friends about our splendid values, we remain,

Very truly yours,
EDWARDS CIGAR COMPANY.

Here is a final and stronger letter requesting payment for merchandise:

IRVING T. TUTTLE,
Plainview, Tenn.

Dear Sir:

We are indeed sorry to note that you have not paid the bill that you owe us.

Seldom have we had to carry a charge on our accounts as long as that of yours, and frankly we are at a loss to understand why you have not remitted payment. You did not return the cigars. That proves that you must have been satisfied with them. Why, then, do you refuse to pay for them?

In all fairness, we will give you the benefit of the doubt and assume that you have forgotten to pay this charge.

On the other hand, if you do not remit in the next ten days we shall be forced to put the matter into the hands of our lawyers. We hope we will not have to do this, however, and look forward to receiving payment in the next few days.

Very truly yours,

EDWARDS CIGAR COMPANY.

Here is a suggested letter for a young lady to write in seeking a position:

1. For a stenographic position:

McKEE, ATLAS & JONES,
111 Broadway,
New York City.

Attention of Mr. Jones.

Dear Sir:

Knowing of the exacting stenographic work required in your business, I thought you might perhaps be interested in engaging a stenographer who has had five years' experience in a business such as yours and who can come to you with the highest references from her former employers.

I am now employed, but desire a change where surroundings will be more pleasant than at present.

Should you wish to see samples of my work and to discuss the matter of employment with me, I shall be glad to call at your office any day at whatever time suits your convenience.

Very truly yours,

CONSTANCE POWERS.

A sample letter for a girl seeking a position as telephone operator:

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE CO.,
New York City.

Attention Mr. H. R. Applegate, Employment Mgr.

Dear Sir:

Have you an opening in your telephone department for an experienced operator who has spent three years on a busy board in a central station?

I think that you will agree that a girl who has been schooled in such a busy exchange as the Canal Street Exchange is well qualified to handle a board in your organization.

Should you wish a reference before you go any further into details with me, I respectfully refer you to my supervisor, Miss Helen Jenkins of the Canal Street Exchange, and also Mr. W. W. Brill, the manager there.

If you care to have me call, I shall be glad to do so at any time you wish.

Very truly yours,

MARY FORD.

Another employment letter seeking a position in clerical work:

MR. H. M. TOWNSEND, Mgr.,
United Gas Company,
Toledo, Ohio.

Dear Sir:

Thinking there may be, at this time, some vacancies in your clerical force, I respectfully ask you to consider me as an applicant.

I am twenty-five years old and a high school graduate. I have had five years' experience in business, consisting of two years with the Merkle Hardware Company as bookkeeper, two years with the Toledo Edison Light & Power Company as a billing clerk and one year in the accounting department of the Hays & Green Department Store of this city, where I am now employed. My reason for seeking another position is that I am looking for greater opportunity than my present position affords.

I should like very much to have the privilege of an interview with you and go into further details as to my ability and value to your organization.

May I call on you some day next week?

Very truly yours,

RUTH WATKINS.

Here are a few letters that a young man would write in seeking a position:

First, a letter seeking a job as salesman:

MURPHY SPECIALTY COMPANY,
Chicago, Ill.

Attention Mr. Jacob Jones, Sales Mgr.

Dear Sir:

Someone said long ago that salesmen are born, not made. My case has proved that to be untrue. Five years ago I was a bookkeeper with a big tool company of this city. My boss thought he saw possibilities in me as a salesman and after a little training sent me on the road—a very hopeful, yet doubtful young man. I found my legs after a few months of hard knocks and began to make good. Today, my sales are second to our so-called "Star" salesman. But I am not happy, for I believe I am selling the wrong line—for me. In other words, I believe my future success as a salesman lies in selling a line such as yours.

It is for that reason I am writing you, thinking that perhaps you would be sufficiently interested to have me call so that you can the better size me up.

May I have that privilege? Thank you.

Very truly yours,

SANFORD W. BRIGGS.

A letter from a man seeking the agency in his town for a line of raincoats sold via agents direct to consumers:

THE COWER RAINCOAT MFG. CO.,
Chicago, Ill.

Attention of R. F. Cower, Pres.

Dear Sir:

Thirteen solid days of rain in my town last month—and not one Cower Raincoat. I couldn't help thinking last month that if I had had the agency for your famous raincoats, I would have made a barrel of money for you—and for myself.

Well, I'm writing you now to get action before the next rainy spell comes along. Here are my qualifications for handling your product: Born and brought up in Zanesville, I know every man, woman and child in the place. I have always enjoyed a good reputation, and my word is as good as my bond. In other words, I have the confidence of these people. I am at present employed as assistant cashier in the Zanesville National Bank, am married, thirty-five years old, and have two of the finest children in the world.

If you think favorably of my application for an agency in this territory, will you please forward me your agency proposition, samples, etc.

Thank you.

Very truly yours,

RICHARD CARVEL.

A letter of congratulation on business promotion:

MR. EDWARD CLOTHIER,
Bordentown, Ill.

Dear Ed:

Imagine my surprise and delight in picking up a newspaper here in Chicago and reading a Bordentown item to the effect that you have just been made Vice-President of the Bordentown National Bank.

No one has earned promotion more than you, Ed, and I certainly congratulate you on this, your latest step up the ladder of success.

It seems only yesterday that you and I were barefoot kids getting into all sorts of scrapes there in Bordentown, and now here you are a vice-president of the bank. Who would have dreamed such a thing twenty-years ago!

More power to you, old boy. I know you'll be a credit to yourself and to the bank.

Sincerely,

HERB BRINKMAN.

Here is the kind of letter that no one likes to write—but which must be written nevertheless—the letter of condolence:

MISS CLAIRE WINSLOW,
115 West 58th St.,
New York City.

Dear Claire:

The news that you have just suffered the loss of your dear mother came as a thunderbolt to us all.

Nothing that friends can say can alleviate the sorrow that is in your heart, but I just want you to know how deeply we all sympathize with you in these dark hours of suffering.

The one ray of light in that darkness and the ray that you must look at is the knowledge that your mother has gone to her eternal reward and is infinitely more happy than we are on this earth. God in His goodness has seen fit to call her to His kingdom. "Not my will, but thy will be done"—remember that, Claire, and cling to your faith in the wisdom of the Almighty. It will be your one consolation.

May God give you the strength and courage to bear your loss.

Very sincerely,

HELEN WAKEFIELD.

Here are some specimen letters of congratulations that occasion so frequently requires:

The first, marriage congratulations:

MR. JOSEPH SPIVIS,
Fountain, Ohio.

Dear Joe:

Nothing that I have heard for a long time has given me as much pleasure as the announcement of your wedding to Clara Bristol. I had always hoped that the friendship you had for Clara would culminate in matrimony, and it has.

I think you are to be congratulated, first, for showing rare good judgment in selecting such a sweet, dear girl for a life companion; and second, for being accepted by this lovely girl.

I know you will both be supremely happy, and all I can say is, "All the good luck in the world go with you."

Fraternally yours,

JEFF PROUTY.

The birth of a baby is always a signal for a prompt letter of congratulation:

MR. AND MRS. EGBERT SPEAR,
Douglaston, L. I.
New York.

Dear Friends:

Well, it's a boy! Isn't that fine? Now Egbert will have a caddy that can find all his balls on the golf links and keep papa from cheating about his score.

One of life's biggest thrills is that experienced by a couple when the first-born arrives. Kate and I talk from experience, you know.

And as he grows older you will see his little mind and body develop—you will see him put out his dimpled hands to you; you will hear his first "Mama" and "Papa"; you will see his attempts to crawl, then to walk—and then you will realize that you have one of life's greatest gifts to mankind—a healthy, happy baby.

May he grow up to be the fine man that you both want him to be.

Sincerely,

JOHN AND ALTHEA WIGGINS.

Then the letter that should accompany a gift:

MISS JULIA SAUNDERS,
Yonkers, N. Y.

Dear Julia:

Please accept this little token of my esteem and devotion on this your twenty-second birthday.

May the future years bring you continued happiness, is the wish of your friend,

ELBERT FABER.

Then the short letter of acceptance and thanks:

MR. ELBERT FABER,
Long Island City, N. Y.

Dear Elbert:

Thank you so much for the beautiful remembrance you sent me on my birthday.

I appreciate especially your thoughtfulness, for I had no idea you remembered my birthday.

I shall cherish your gift for the years to come and will think of you whenever I see it.

Sincerely,

JULIA SAUNDERS.

CHAPTER XII

Common Words Often Misspelled

Here is a list of words which the average person uses in letter writing and which are often misspelled.

Read them now, then in the future use the following pages as a reference whenever in doubt as to the spelling of frequently used words.

absence	all right (There is no such word as "alright" or "all-right")
absent	alley (small street)
absorb	ally (confederate)
accept (<i>receive</i>)	allusion (<i>hint</i>)
except (<i>exclude, aside from</i>)	illusion (<i>false image</i>)
access (<i>admittance</i>)	already
excess (<i>greater amount</i>)	all ready
accessible	altar (<i>shrine</i>)
accident	alter (<i>change</i>)
accidentally	altogether
accommodate	always
accompanying	amateur
accumulate	among
accustom	analysis
across	analyze
additionally	angel
address	angelic
advise (verb)	angle
adviser	answer
affect (verb, <i>to influence</i>)	answers
effect (verb, <i>to produce</i>)	apart
effect (noun, <i>result</i>)	apartment
(There is no noun <i>affect</i>)	apiece
aghast	apology
aisle (in church)	apparatus
isle (<i>island</i>)	

apparent	ceiling
arctic	change
arguing	changing
argument	chord (<i>of music</i>)
arise	cord (<i>string</i>)
arising	clothes (<i>garments</i>)
arithmetic	cloths (<i>kinds of cloth</i>)
around	coarse (<i>not fine</i>)
arouse	course (<i>path, series</i>)
arranging	colonel
arrangement	column
arriving	coming
arrival	commission
article	commit
ascend	committed
assent	committing
assassin	committee
assassinate	comparative
athlete	comparatively
athletic	compliment
attack	comrade
attendance	comradeship
auxiliary	conceit
avenue	confidence
awkward	confident
bachelor	confidently
balance	confidentially
bare	conscience
barely	conscientious
beggar	conscientiousness
believe	conscious
berth (<i>bed</i>)	consciousness
birth (<i>beginning of life</i>)	contemptible
boundary	control
breath (<i>noun</i>)	controlled
breathe (<i>verb</i>)	cool
bridal (<i>nuptial</i>)	coolly
bridle (<i>for a horse</i>)	copy
buoyant	copied
burglar	copies
bus	corps (<i>squad</i>)
business	corpse (<i>dead body</i>)
canvas (<i>cloth</i>)	costume (<i>dress</i>)
canvass (<i>review</i>)	custom (<i>manner</i>)
capital (<i>city</i>)	council (<i>noun only, assembly</i>)
capitol (<i>building</i>)	councilor (<i>member of a council</i>)
carry	

gamboling (<i>frisking</i>)	judgment
gauge or gage	knowledge
ghost	later (<i>subsequent</i>)
government	latter ("the former, the latter")
grabbing	laid
grammar	led (past tense of <i>lead</i>)
grandeur	lessen (<i>make less</i>)
grief	lesson
grievous	library
guard	lightning (noun)
handkerchief	likely
handsome	liveliness
having	livelihood
hear (verb)	loneliness
here (adverb)	loose (adjective)
height	lose (verb)
hinder	maintain
hindrance	maintenance
hop	mantel (<i>chimney shelf</i>)
hopping	mantle (<i>cloak</i>)
hope	manufacture
hoping	many
huge	marriage
human (<i>of mankind</i>)	marries
humane (<i>merciful</i>)	material
humorous	mathematics
hurried	mattress
imagining	meant
imaginary	messenger
imitation	metal
immediately	millionaire
incident (<i>occurrence</i>)	miniature
incidence (<i>way a thing falls or strikes</i> —scientific term)	minute
incidentally	mischievous
incredible	month
incredibly	murmur
independence	muscle
independent	mysterious
ingenious (<i>clever</i>)	necessary
ingenuous (<i>frank</i>)	nine
instance (<i>occasion</i>)	nineteen
instant (<i>moment</i>)	ninety
intelligence	noticeable
invitation	nowadays
irresistible	oblige
itself	obstacle

occasion	supersede
occasionally	preference
occur	prejudice
occurred	preparation
occurring	presence
occurrence	presents (<i>gifts</i>)
officer	principal
omit	principle
omitted	privilege
operate	proceed. See <i>precede</i>
opportunity	professor
origin	pronunciation
parallel	prove
paralysis	pursue
particularly	quiet (<i>still</i>)
partner	quite (<i>entirely</i>)
passed (verb, past tense of <i>pass</i>)	rapid
past (adjective, adverb, and preposition)	ready
paid	really
pamphlet	recede
peace	receive
perform	recognize
perhaps	recommend
personal (<i>private</i>)	referred
personnel (<i>persons collec-</i> <i>tively employed</i>)	reference
persuade	reign (<i>rule</i>)
physical	rein (<i>of a bridle</i>)
physician	respectfully (<i>with respect</i>)
plan	respectively (<i>as relating to</i> <i>each</i>)
planned	restaurant
plain (adjective, <i>clear, simple</i>)	ridiculous
plain (noun, <i>flat region</i>)	right
plane (adjective, <i>flat</i>)	sacrificing
plane (noun, geometric term; <i>carpenter's tool</i>)	safety
pour	scene
practically	schedule
practice (noun and verb)	separate
prairie	sergeant
precede	severely
proceed	shining
recede	shone (past tense of <i>shine</i>)
concede	shown (past participle of <i>show</i>)
succeed	shriek
	siege
	similar

CHAPTER XIII

Frequently Used Words and Their Synonyms

A good letter writer must have at his or her command a fairly elastic vocabulary. In other words, you must know the synonyms of words—words of similar meaning, with a *shade* of difference. For instance, see how tiresome and vague the repetition of the word “account” becomes in the following sentence, “It was on my account that he gave an account of what had happened, thus calling the real culprit to account.” See how much better it would be if the writer said, “It was for my sake that he told the story of what had happened, thus calling the real culprit to a reckoning.”

Abandon , forsake, leave.	Abundance , plenty.
Abandoned , forsaken, depraved.	Abuse , ill-treat, misuse.
Abbreviate , shorten.	Abusive , harsh, rude.
Abide , dwell, stay.	Accept , receive.
Ability , power, skill.	Accident , chance, misfortune.
Abject , mean, low.	Accommodate , aid.
Abolish , repeal, annul.	Accomplish , finish, perform.
Abound , abundant, plenteous.	Account , sake, story, reckoning.
About , concerning, nearly, around.	Accumulate , gather.
Above , over.	Accurate , correct.
Abroad , elsewhere.	Acknowledge , confess.
Abrupt , sudden.	Acquire , gain, get.
Absent , away.	Across , over.
Absolute , positive.	Act , behave, perform.
Absorb , imbibe.	Active , nimble.
Absurd , foolish, ridiculous.	Address , skill, harangue, dwelling, discourse.

Attempt, effort, endeavor.	Blame, censure, reproach, reprove.
Attentive, careful, heedful.	Blameless, faultless, guiltless, innocent.
Attitude, gesture, posture.	Blunder, error, mistake.
Attract, allure, draw, entice.	Boaster, braggart.
Avoid, elude, shun.	Boasting, vaunting.
Avow, acknowledge, confess.	Boisterous, vehement , violent.
Awake, arouse, excite.	Bold, audacious, intrepid, daring.
Awe, dread, fear.	Bondage, imprisonment, servitude, slavery.
Awkward, unhandy, clumsy.	Border, brink, edge, margin.
Babbling, loquacity, talkativeness.	Bore, perforate, annoy.
Bad, evil, wicked.	Bound, limit, restrict.
Badge, mark, sign.	Boundless, illimitable, infinite.
Baffle, confuse, defeat, disconcert.	Brave, bold, courageous, daring.
Bare, naked, scanty, uncovered.	Break, fracture, destroy, tame.
Bargain, contract, trade.	Brief, concise, short.
Base, low, mean, vile.	Bright, brilliant, clear, shining.
Bashful, diffident, modest.	Brilliancy, brightness, radiance, splendor.
Basis, foundation, ground.	Broad, ample, wide.
Battle, fight, combat.	Bruise, crush, pound.
Bear, endure, produce, support.	Bud, germinate, sprout.
Beat, overpower, strike.	Build, construct, erect.
Beau, gallant, spark, sweetheart.	Bulk, magnitude, size.
Beautiful, fine, handsome, pretty.	Burning, ardent, fiery.
Beautify, adorn, decorate, embellish.	Burst, break, crack, rend, split.
Becoming, befitting, comely, graceful.	Business, employment, occupation, profession.
Beg, beseech, entreat, implore.	Bustle, hurry, tumult.
Begin, commence, originate, start.	But, except, however, notwithstanding, still, yet.
Behavior, demeanor, conduct.	Buy, purchase.
Belief, conviction, opinion.	Call, summon.
Below, beneath, under.	Calling, occupation.
Bend, crook.	Calm, quiet, soothe.
Bequeath, devise, give.	Cancel, abolish, revoke.
Beseech, entreat, implore.	Candid, artless, frank, honest.
Bestow, confer, give.	
Bewail, bemoan, lament.	

Defeat, baffle, frustrate, overcome.
Defect, blemish, fault.
Defective, faulty, imperfect.
Defender, protector.
Defense, excuse, justification.
Defer, delay, postpone.
Defile, corrupt, pollute.
Deficient, defective.
Definite, exact, limited.
Defraud, cheat, deceive.
Degradate, disgrace, lower.
Degree, class, rank, quality.
Delay, defer, postpone.
Deliberate, cautious, circumspect.
Delicate, fine, nice, tender.
Delighted, glad, pleased.
Delightful, charming, delicious.
Deliver, rescue, save, surrender.
Demand, ask, claim, require.
Demonstrate, prove, manifest.
Denote, betoken, imply, signify.
Deny, contradict, refuse.
Departure, death, exit.
Dependence, trust, reliance.
Deplore, lament, mourn.
Deportment, conduct, behavior.
Depraved, abandoned, corrupt.
Descent, birth.
Describe, narrate, represent.
Description, account, narration.
Design, sketch, mean, intend.
Designate, indicate, name.
Desist, cease, discontinue.
Despair, despond.
Desperate, careless, hopeless, mad.
Despise, disdain, scorn.
Destination, appointment, fate, lot.
Destitute, bare, scanty, needy.
Destroy, annihilate, consume.
Detach, disjoin, separate.
Detail, description.
Detain, hold, keep, retain.
Detect, discover.
Determine, define, resolve.
Detest, abhor, hate, loathe.
Develop, disclose, unfold.
Deviate, digress, err.
Device, contrivance, design.
Devote, apply, consecrate.
Devout, holy, pious.
Dictate, direct, prescribe.
Die, expire, perish.
Differ, disagree.
Different, distinct, unlike.
Difficult, hard, troublesome.
Difficulty, perplexity, trial.
Diffident, bashful, modest.
Dignified, stately.
Direct, guide.
Direction, address, order.
Directly, immediately.
Disability, inability, weakness.
Disadvantage, detriment, loss.
Disagree, differ, dissent.
Disaster, calamity, misfortune.
Discard, dismiss.
Disclose, divulge, reveal.
Discord, dissension.
Discover, detect, disclose.
Discredit, disgrace, dishonor.
Discretion, prudence.
Disdain, contempt, scorn.
Disease, disorder, malady.
Disgrace, dishonor, degrade.
Disguise, conceal, dissemble.

Envy , jealousy, suspicion.	Expand , dilate, spread.
Equal , adequate, equivalent.	Expectation , anticipation, trust.
Erase , cancel, efface.	Expedient , essential, necessary, requisite.
Erect , construct, establish, raise.	Expel , banish, exile.
Error , blunder, fault, mistake.	Expend , consume, dissipate.
Escape , evade, fly.	Expensive , costly, dear.
Especially , chiefly, particularly.	Experience , test, trial.
Essential , necessary, important.	Expert , adroit, clever, skillful.
Esteem , respect, revere, value.	Explain , elucidate, interpret.
Estimate , appraise, compute, value.	Explicit , definite, express, plain.
Evasion , equivocation, escape.	Exploit , achievement, feat, deed.
Even , equal, level.	Explore , examine, search.
Event , adventure, incident, occurrence.	Exposed , liable, uncovered.
Ever , always, continually.	Expressed , definite, plain.
Evidence , proof, deposition.	Expressive , significant.
Evil , bad.	Extend , enlarge, reach.
Exact , demand, extort, accurate, precise.	Exterior , external, outward.
Examination , inquiry, investigation.	Exterminate , destroy, eradicate.
Example , pattern, precedent.	External , exterior, outward.
Exceed , excel, outdo, surpass.	Extol , applaud, praise.
Excellence , goodness, eminence.	Facetious , jocose, jocular.
Except , besides, but.	Facility , ease.
Exception , omission, objection.	Fact , circumstance, incident.
Exchange , change, reciprocate, trade.	Faculty , ability, talent.
Excite , arouse, irritate, provoke.	Failing , failure, foible, frailty.
Excuse , apology, evasion, justify.	Fair , clear, equitable.
Execute , perform, achieve, complete.	Faith , belief, credit.
Exercise , exert, practice.	Fallacious , sophistical, delusive.
Exhaust , drain, spend, empty.	Falsehood , fiction, lie.
	Fanciful , whimsical, capricious.
	Fancy , caprice, conceit.
	Fascinate , bewitch, attract.
	Fashion , custom, manner, mode.
	Fasten , attach, fix.
	Fatal , deadly, mortal.
	Fate , chance, destiny.

Gesture , attitude, posture.	Hasty , angry, passionate.
Get , acquire, gain.	Hate , abominate, detest.
Gift , donation, present, talent.	Hateful , execrable, odious.
Give , bestow, confer.	Hazard , chance, risk, venture.
Glad , gratified, joyful.	Heal , cure.
Glance , glimpse, look.	Healthy , salubrious, salutary.
Glitter , shine, sparkle.	Hear , hearken, listen.
Gloom , dullness, darkness.	Hearty , cordial, sincere.
Glory , fame, honor.	Heedless , careless, inattentive.
Government , administration, regulation.	Heighten , aggravate, raise.
Graceful , becoming, comely.	Help , aid, assist.
Grand , dignified, majestic, splendid.	Hesitate , falter, pause.
Grant , bestow, concede, concession, gift, stipend.	Hidden , concealed, occult.
Grasp , gripe, seize.	Hideous , frightful, horrible.
Grateful , thankful.	Hilarity , mirth, cheerfulness.
Grave , important, serious.	Hinder , impede, obstruct.
Greatness , grandeur, magnitude.	Hold , grasp, keep, possess.
Grief , distress, sadness.	Honesty , frankness, integrity.
Grieve , afflict, lament.	Honor , respect, revere.
Group , assemblage, cluster.	Hope , expectation, trust.
Grow , increase, vegetate.	Hopeless , desperate.
Guarantee , secure, warrant.	Horrible , dreadful, fearful.
Guard , defend, protect.	Hostile , adverse, inimical.
Guess , conjecture, surmise.	Hostility , animosity, enmity.
Guest , visitant, visitor.	House , dwelling, lineage.
Guide , conduct, direct.	However , yet, nevertheless, still.
Guilty , criminal.	Humble , modest, unpretending.
Handsome , graceful, beautiful.	Humor , jocularity, temper.
Happiness , bliss, felicity.	Hurry , expedite, hasten.
Hard , arduous, difficult, solid, callous.	Hurt , damage, grieve.
Hardly , scarcely.	Hurtful , detrimental.
Hardship , grievance.	Idea , conception, thought.
Harm , damage, evil, hurt.	Idle , indolent, lazy.
Harmless , innocent, unfounding.	Ignorant , illiterate, untaught.
Harmony , concord.	Ill , misfortune, sick, evil.
Harsh , rough, severe.	Illusion , deception.
Hasten , accelerate, quicken.	Illuminate , illumine.
Hastiness , precipitancy, rashness.	Imagine , apprehend, conceive.
	Imbibe , absorb.

Minister, clergyman, envoy, contribute, supply.	Narrate, relate.
Mischief, damage, harm, injury.	Narrative, story, tale.
Miserable, wretched, unhappy.	Native, genuine, indigenous, intrinsic.
Misery, distress.	Narrow, confined, limited, contracted.
Miserly, avaricious, penurious.	Nasty, dirty, filthy.
Misfortune, calamity, disaster, mishap.	Natural, unaffected, native.
Missing, lost, absent.	Naughty, bad.
Mistake, blunder, misconception, error.	Near, adjacent, close, contiguous.
Mistrust, doubt, suspicion.	Nearly, almost, nigh.
Misuse, misapply, pervert.	Necessary, essential, indispensable, needful, requisite.
Mix, mingle, blend.	Necessity, need, occasion, want.
Mixture, compound.	Need, poverty, want.
Mock, deride, limit.	Negligent, careless, heedless, inattentive, remiss.
Model, pattern, specimen.	New, fresh, novel, recent.
Moderation, forbearance, temperature.	Noble, great, illustrious.
Modern, new, novel, recent.	Noisy, clamorous, loud.
Modest, bashful, diffident, unassuming.	Notice, advice, intelligence, warning.
Modify, alter, change.	Notorious, noted.
Moist, damp, humid.	Obedient, complaint, dutiful, respectful.
Molest, annoy, disturb, tease, vex.	Object, aim, end.
Moment, weight, importance, instant.	Object, oppose, demur, except.
Motive, cause, reason.	Objection, obstacle, exception, difficulty, hesitation, opposition.
Mourn, bewail, grieve, lament.	Observe, keep, watch, remark.
Move, actuate, instigate, incite.	Obsolete, disused.
Mutilate, deface, injure, maim, mangle.	Obstacle, difficulty, hindrance, impediment, obstruction.
Mutual, reciprocal.	Obstruct, bar, hinder, impede.
Mysterious, dark, dim, hidden, latent, mystic, obscure, occult.	Obtain, acquire, procure, gain, attain.
Mystery, secret, enigma.	Obvious, apparent, clear, evident, manifest, open, plain, visible.
Naked, exposed, simple, uncovered, unclothed.	
Name, appellation, denomination, reputation, title.	

Pardon, absolve, acquit, clear, discharge, forgive.	Penetrate, pierce, perforate, bore.
Part, action, concern, portion, piece, share.	Pension, annuity.
Particular, circumstantial, distinct, exact, nice.	Pensive, thoughtful.
Particularly, chiefly, distinctly, specifically.	Perceive, discern, distinguish.
Partner, associate, coadjutor, colleague.	Perception, idea, notion, conception, sensation, sentiment.
Parts, faculties, pieces, region.	Perhaps, perchance.
Party, entertainment, assembly, faction.	Perfect, complete, finished.
Pass, passage, thrust, outstrip.	Perfidious, treacherous, faithless.
Passable, tolerable.	Perforate, pierce, penetrate, bore.
Passage, clause, transit.	Perform, accomplish, achieve, effect, execute.
Possible, impressible.	Perfume, fragrance, odor, smell, scent.
Passion, anger, excitement, love.	Peril, danger.
Passionate, angry, excitable, hot, hasty, irascible.	Period, age, date, epoch, era, time.
Passive, calm, quiescent, patient, resigned, submissive, unresisting.	Permanent, durable, lasting.
Pathetic, affecting, touching, moving.	Permit, allow, consent, suffer, tolerate.
Patience, endurance, fortitude, passivity, resignation.	Perpetual, continuous, incessant, constant, unceasing.
Patient, invalid, calm, composed, passive, enduring.	Perplex, confuse, tangle, embarrass, harass, puzzle.
Peaceable, calm, gentle, pacific, mild, quiet, undisturbed, serene, tranquil.	Persevere, continue, insist, persist, prosecute, pursue.
Peculiar, appropriate, exclusive, particular.	Pertinent, apposite, appropriate.
Peevish, captious, cross, fretful, irritable, petulant.	Pest, plague.
Peddler, hawker.	Pester, vex, annoy.
Pedestrian, walker.	Pet, caress, fondle, favorite.
Peel, rind, bark.	Petition, entreaty, request, supplication.
Peg, pin.	Petty, small, trifling.
Pencil, draw, sketch.	Phrase, sentence.
Penalty, chastisement, fine, punishment.	Pick, gather, choose.
	Picture, likeness, representation.
	Piece, part, portion.
	Pierce, penetrate.

Vigilant, watchful, attentive.	Weight, importance, heaviness.
Vigor, strength, force, energy.	Welfare, health, prosperity, happiness.
Vile, low, mean, wicked, base.	Wet, moisten, dampen.
Villain, knave, scoundrel.	Whirl, turn, revolve.
Vindicate, justify, defend.	Wholesome, healthy, salubrious, sound.
Violate, infringe, ravish, break, disregard.	Wicked, bad, evil, sinful.
Violence, force, vehemence.	Wild, savage, uncultivated.
Virtue, strength, goodness.	Wile, trick, artifice, stratagem.
Virtuous, incorrupt, pure.	Willful, perverse, obstinate.
Visible, plain, observable.	Willingly, gladly, cheerfully, voluntarily.
Vision, sight, phantom.	Wilt, fade, wither, droop.
Vital, essential, necessary, important.	Win, gain, obtain.
Void, empty, vacant, unoccupied.	Wise, judicious, prudent, sage.
Vulgar, common, ordinary, mean, unrefined.	Wish, desire, want.
Walk, gait, path.	Witness, attest, observe, see.
Wanderer, rover, rambler.	Wonder, surprise, astonishment.
Want, need, necessity.	Wordy, verbose, talkative.
Warm, ardent, keen, zealous.	Work, labor, toil, employment, movement, operation, embroider.
Warning, caution, notification.	Worry, tease, trouble, vex, annoy.
Warp, twist, pervert.	Worth, value.
Waste, spend, squander, lavish, desolate, desert, loss, prodigality.	Worthy, deserving, excellent.
Watchful, vigilant, attentive, cautious, circumspect.	Wretched, unhappy, vile, afflicted, worthless.
Wayward, perverse, forward.	Wrong, injustice, erroneous, injury.
Weak, feeble, infirm, unstable.	Zeal, ardor, earnestness.
Wealthy, rich, opulent.	
Weary, tired, fatigued.	

CHAPTER XIV

Errors Often Made in Using Common Phrases in Letter Writing

It is true that simple phrases that we use in every day conversation, we use incorrectly in writing. The following pages will guide you to the correct usage of the most frequently used phrases:

Accept of—“Please accept of this cake.” Say “Please accept this cake.”

Ascend up—He ascended up the stairs. Omit the word *up*.

Before—first—“Before I do that I must *first* be secured against trouble.” Omit *first*.

Both alike—“Those two boys are *both* alike.” Say “Those two boys are alike.”

But that—“There can be no doubt but that he will go.” Say “There can be no doubt that he will go.”

But what—“They will never believe *but what* I have been there.” Say “They will never believe but that I have been there.”

Consider of—“Let me consider of this subject.” Omit *of*.

Continue on—“He *continued on* indefinitely.” Say “He continued indefinitely.”

Cover-over—“She *covered it over*.” Say “She covered it.”

Equally as—As should not be used after *equally*—say *equally low*, *equally well*, *equally pretty*, etc.

That is him—*that is her*—Say “*That is he*,” “*That is she*.”

Who for whom—“Do you know *who* this book belongs to?” Say “*to whom* this book belongs?”

Which for whom—“The people *which* you saw.” Say “*the people whom* you saw.”

This for thus or so—“*This* much is true.” Say “*thus much*,” or “*so much*.”

This twenty years—“I have not been well *this* twenty years.” Say “*these* twenty years.”

Every for entire—“I have *every* confidence in her.” Say *entire* confidence.” *Every* means “each of all” and should not be used in any other sense.

All for each—“Seven girls were present, and he gave them *all* a pencil.” Say “he gave them *each* a pencil.”

“*Of two evils choose the least*”—Say “the lesser.”

“*Is this or that the best way?*”—Say “the better way.”

Right—wrong—“That is *very* right.” “That is *very* wrong.” Omit *very* in both cases.”

Bold—bolder—more boldly—“She acts *bolder* than was expected.” Say “*more boldly*.”

Distinct—distinctly—“The man speaks *distinct*.” Say “*speaks distinctly*.”

Exceeding—Exceedingly—“He was *exceeding* gracious.” Say “*exceedingly* gracious.”

Near—nearly—“I lost *near* twenty dollars.” Say “*nearly* twenty dollars.”

Remarkable—remarkably—“He is a *remarkable* bright man.” Say “*remarkably* bright.”

Between you and I—"This is a matter between you and *I*." Say "between you and *me*."

Let you and I—Say "Let you and *me*."

As good as me—Say "as good as *I*."

It is me—Say "It is *I*."

If I was him—"I would act the same if I was *him*." Say "if I were *he*."

Empty—"The Hudson river empties itself in the ocean." Say "flows." A river cannot be emptied while any water remains in its channel.

Enjoys poor health. This is a common but ridiculous phrase. Say "He is in poor health."

Hearty—"He ate a *hearty* lunch." Say, "he ate heartily." It is the eater, not the lunch that is *hearty*.

Leave—"I shall *leave* this evening." Leave what? If you mean "go away," say "I shall go away."

Limb—"He fell and bruised his *limb*." Say what limb. The arm is a limb, as well as the leg.

Midst—"In our *midst*." Say "among us" or "in the midst of us."

Most for very, etc.—"It is a *most melancholy* and *most unaccountable* thing." Say "very melancholy" and "quite unaccountable."

Notice—"I shall *notice* a few things," is frequently used when "I shall *mention* a few things" is meant.

Partial—partially—"This view is *partially* true." Say "in part true." Partially means one-sided.

Prejudice—"I was *prejudiced* in her favor." Say was "prepossessed." We are *prejudiced* against people or things.

Stop—"Mr. Powell is *stopping* at the Gibson House." Say "staying." Stopping is only a mo-

mentary act. When you stop stopping you begin to stay.

Began—begun—“I have *began* to study law.” Say “I have begun.”

Broke—“I have *broke* my cane.” Say “have broken.”

Chose—“He has *chose* the other.” Say “has chosen.”

Come—“I *come* to this city last week.” Say “I came.”

Equally as well as—“I can do it *equally as well as* she.” Omit *equally*.

Equally the same—“They are *equally the same*.” Say “They are the same.”

Go fetch—“Go *fetch* me my new suit.” Say “fetch it,” or “go and bring it.” *Fetch* has the sense of *go and bring*.

Have got—“John *has got* a new bicycle.” Say “John *has* a new bicycle.” *Have* signifies to be in possession of anything. *Get* signifies to obtain possession. When one has *got* a thing, he ceases *getting* it, and from that time *has* it.

It—what—“It is true *what* she says.” Say “What she says is true.”

Latter end—“I expect to finish by the *latter end* of the month.” Say “by the end of the month.”

More than one thinks for—“It amounts to more than she thinks for.” Say “to more than she thinks.”

Never—whenever—“I *never* fail to sew *whenever* I can.” Say “when I can.” One *ever* is enough.

New beginner—Say *beginner*. When one begins anything, he is new at it, of course.

Nobody else—“There was *nobody else* but her.” Omit *else*.

Right: He lost considerable property in the accident.

Contemplate—Should not be combined with a preposition.

Wrong: He contemplated on a trip to New York.

Right: He contemplated a trip to New York.

Continual—Not synonymous with *continuous*, according to modern usage. *Continual* means *occurring in close succession, frequently repeated*; as “Continual rain prevented us,” “He laughs continually.” *Continuous* means *without cessation, continuing uninterrupted*: “Continuous antagonism discouraged them.” “She slept continuously for ten hours.”

Credible, credulous, creditable—*Credible* means *believable*. Distinguish from *credulous*, meaning *easily imposed on, believing too easily*, and from *creditable*, which means *praiseworthy*.

Criticize—May mean *to censure*, but may mean merely *to pass judgment on*, whether favorable or adverse.

Crowd—Not to be used for *party* or *company*.

Cunning—Means *artful, ingenious*, or giving evidence of *art*, or *ingenuity*; as “a cunning crook.”

Date—Inelegant for *engagement* or *appointment*.

Depot—Best applied to a building for the deposit of merchandise. To designate a building for the accommodation of passengers, it is better to say *station*.

Don't—A contraction of *do not*.

Wrong: She don't know.

Right: She doesn't know.

Hear to it—A vulgarism. Say “consent to it” or “allow it.”

In—Generally incorrect when used to express motion. Say “into.”

Wrong: He went in the house.

Right: He went into the house.

In back of—*In front of* is correct; “in back of” is a vulgarism. Say “behind.”

Ingenious, ingenuous—An inventor is *ingenious*; a person of a frank, trusting nature is *ingenuous*.

Inside—Does not require *of* following. Say simply “inside.”

Right: They were trapped inside the house.

Inside of—A colloquial Americanism for *within* in time expressions.

Bad: It will disappear inside of a month.

Right: It will disappear within a month.

Kind, sort—

Incorrect: I don’t like those kind (or those sort) of people.

Right: I don’t like that kind (or that sort) of people.

Kind of, sort of—(1) Should never be used to modify verbs or adjectives. Say “somewhat” “somehow,” “for some reason,” “rather,” or “after a fashion.”

Bad: People who kind of bore you.

Right: People who somehow bore you.

Kind of, sort of—(2) Should not be followed by *a* or *an*.

Inelegant: What kind of a car is it?

Right: What kind of car is it?

Inelegant: It is a sort of a mansion.

Right: It is a sort of mansion.

Lay—Often confounded with lie. Remember that *lay* is the causative of lie; that is, *to lay* means to cause, to lie. Remember the principal parts of each verb:

I lie I lay I have lain.

I lay I laid I have laid.

Leave go of—A colloquialism. Say “leave hold of” or “let go.”

Wrong: He left go of the stick.

Right: He left hold of the stick (or) he let go the stick.

Less—Should not be used in place of *fewer*.

Wrong: Less people were here this year than last.

Right: Fewer people were here this year than last.

Liable—Means (a) *easily susceptible*; as “It is liable to injury”; or (b) *likely*; as “It is liable to be misunderstood.” But NOTE: *Liable* is not properly used in the sense of *likely* except in designating an injurious or undesirable event which may befall a person or thing.

Wrong: We *are* liable to go tomorrow.

Right: We are likely to go tomorrow.

Like—Incorrect when used to introduce a subject with a verb. Say “as” or “as if.” *Like* is correct when followed by a substantive without a verb.

Vulgar: He acted like a child.

Right: He acted as a child.

Locate—A colloquialism for *settle*. Correct when used transitively.

Bad: He located in New York.

Right: He settled in New York.

Right: He located his factory in New York.

Mad—Means *insane*. Should not be used to mean *angry*.

Mean—Means *lowly* or *base*. Colloquial when used to mean *cruel*, *vicious*, *unkind*, or *ill-tempered*.

Much—Not to be used for *very*.

Wrong: My work is much different nowadays.

Right: My work is very different nowadays.

No good—A vulgarism when used adjectively. Say “worthless,” “of no value.”

No use—Incorrect when used adjectively. Say “of no use,” “of no value,” or “unsuccessful.”

Notorious—Means of *bad repute*; as “a notorious criminal.” Not to be used for *famous* or *celebrated*.

Nowhere near—A vulgarism for *not nearly*.

Of, could of, may of, might of, must of, should of, and *would of*, are illiterate corruptions of *could have*, *may have*, *might have*, *must have*, *should have*, and *would have*.

Off of—Incorrect for *off*.

Wrong: Keep off of the lawn.

Right: Keep off the lawn.

Only—Incorrect for *but* or *except that*.

Wrong: She would have been here, only she had to work.

Right: She would have been here, but she had to work.

Ought—The combination of *ought* with *had* is conspicuously bad English.

Wrong: You hadn't ought to have said that.

Right: You ought not to have said that.

Wrong: We ought to go, had we not?

Right: We ought to go, ought we not?

Outside—(1) Does not require *of* following. Say simply “outside.”

Right: Outside the barn the horse was grazing.

Outside—(2) *Outside of* should not be used for *aside from*.

Wrong: Outside of this statement, it is very good.

Right: Aside from this statement, it is very good.

Over with—*With* is superfluous.

Wrong: The race is over with.

Right: The race is over.

Pair, set—Singular, not plural, forms.

Wrong: Two pair of shoes.

Right: Two pairs of shoes.

Plan—Should not be combined with *on*. Say simply “plan.”

Wrong: We planned on taking a ride.

Right: We planned taking a ride: (or) we planned to take a ride.

Posted—Incorrect for *informed*.

Wrong: Keep him posted.

Right: Keep him informed.

Propose—Means *to offer*. Should not be used for *to purpose* or *to intend*.

Wrong: I did not propose to tell.

Right: I did not purpose (or intend) to tell.

Proven—An irregular form, and not in good use. Say “proved.”

Providing—*Provided* is preferable.

Raise—(1) A provincialism when applied to human beings, in the sense of *rear, bring up*.

Raise—(2) Often confounded with *rise*. Remember that *raise* is the causative of *rise*; that is,

to raise means *to cause to rise*. Therefore, *raise* must always have an object. Remember the principal parts of each verb:

I rise I rose I have risen.

I raise I raised I have raised.

Real—Ungrammatical when used for *very*.

Wrong: It is real pretty.

Right: It is very pretty.

Remember—The name of the thing remembered should not be preceded by *of*.

Wrong: I remember of meeting her.

Right: I remember meeting her.

Respectful, respectable, respective—“He was respectful to his father;” “a respectable old man;” “their respective jobs”—i. e., the positions belonging to each. “Yours respectfully” (not respectively) is proper in the complimentary close of a letter.

Show up—A vulgarism when used intransitively in the sense of *appear, attend, come or be present*; and when used transitively in the sense of *show or expose*.

Sight—“A sight” is a vulgarism for *much, many, a great deal*.

Size up—A vulgarism for *estimate, judge, pass upon*.

So—(1) Should not be used for *so that*.

Wrong: They fixed it so it would hold.

Right: They fixed it so that it would hold.

So—(2) Vague and weak when used alone to modify an adjective.

Weak: During the first month she was so lonely.

Right: During the first month she was very lonely.

Some—A provincialism, when used as an adverb.

Wrong: I worked some last summer.

Right: I did some work last summer.

Search—The phrase “in search for” is incorrect; say “in search of.”

Right: The dog goes in search of food.

Seem—“Can’t seem” is illogical and improper. Say “seem unable,” or “do not seem able.”

Seldom ever—Obsolete. Say “seldom” or “hardly ever.”

Seldom or ever—A vulgarism. Say “seldom if ever.”

Set—Often confounded with *sit*. Remember that *set* is the causative of *sit*; i. e., *to set* means *to cause to sit*. Remember the principal parts of each verb:

I sit I sat I have sat.

I set I set I have set.

The use of *set* without an object, as expressing mere rest, is a vulgarism. Say “sit,” “stand,” “lie,” “rest” or “is set.”

Wrong: The place sets firmly.

Right: The place is set (or sits) firmly.

Wrong: The ornament sets on the mantel.

Right: The ornament stands (or rests) on the mantel.

Such—When *such* is completed by a relative clause, the relative pronoun of the clause should not be *who*, *which*, or *that*; it should be *as* (see *as* in a dictionary).

Wrong: I will act under such orders that may be fixed.

Right: I will act under such orders as may be fixed.

Such—Avoid the vague and weak use of *such* without a result clause.

Weak: We had such a good laugh.

Right: We had a very good laugh.

Take—A colloquialism when used for *study*.

Colloquial: I took German.

Right: I studied German.

Than, till, until—Often improperly used for *when*, as in the following *wrong* sentence:

Wrong: Scarcely had he gone than the rain started.

Right: Scarcely had he gone when the rain started.

This here, these here, that there, those there—Vulgarisms. Say "this," "these," "that" or "those."

Through—Inelegant when used as in the following sentence.

Wrong: He is through speaking.

Right: He has finished speaking, or, he has done speaking.

Try and—Should not be used for *try to*.

Inelegant: I shall try and get there.

Right: I shall try to get there.

Up to date—A colloquialism when used as an adjective; better used as an adverbial modifier.

Colloquial: His writing is up to date.

Preferable: His story is modern.

Right: He brought the story up to date.

Want—Should not be limited by a clause as in the following sentence:

Wrong: I want you should go.

Right: I want you to go.

Where—(1) Often misused for *that* as in the following sentence:

Wrong: I see where the thief has been caught.

Right: I see that the thief has been caught.

Where—(2) Do not use "where to" in the sense of *whither*; omit the *to*.

Wrong: Where are they going to?

Right: Where are they going?

Which—Should not be used as a relative pronoun in referring to a person.

Wrong: The people which do that are wrong.

Right: The people that do that are wrong.

Would have—Often incorrectly used in *if* clauses instead of *had*.

Wrong: If he would have stayed we might have won.

Right: If he had stayed, we might have won.

You was—A vulgarism. *You*, though it may designate one person, is grammatically plural, and its verb must always be plural. Say "you were."

ARE YOU LOVE'S MASTER—OR SLAVE?

What do you know about love?

Do you know the answers to the most intimate problems of love in marriage and love outside of marriage?

Whether you are married or single, male or female, you will be astounded at the amazing information you will get in Sana Swain's latest sensational book—*"The Guide to Married Happiness."*

It is not a book to be read to get a sexual thrill. Neither is it a medical book. It has been written to show you the many pitfalls that ruin married happiness and to keep you from making mistakes that would bring you lifelong misery.

This book follows man and woman through life, from the beginning of love to mellow and happy old age. Hundreds of problems are presented truthfully and fearlessly. And, they are answered with a simplicity and frankness that has made thousands of people throughout the land admirers of Sana Swain—the popular authority on affairs of the heart.

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"The Guide to Married Happiness" is without doubt the only book of its kind ever published. Each chapter contains golden nuggets of advice and information meant for you. Intimate questions that you would not dare ask your closest friend are answered for you.

The heartbreaking problem of "the other woman" is fully discussed. The problem of personal relations between man and wife are presented as only Sana Swain can present them.

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If you are married, this book will give you startling knowledge which you can immediately apply to your particular problems.

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Just read over some of the many, many questions listed that are completely answered in this valuable book.

(Continued on next page)

The Engagement

How to handle the lover who says, "If you really love me you will give me what I want."

What is the danger zone of the engagement period? How to control unrestrained spooning.

What constitutes a breach of promise?

Details in the preparation for the wedding.

Tempted passion and the hunting instinct in man.

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What a mother should tell her daughter the night before the wedding.

All details of formal and informal weddings.

Exact vows taken in the marriage ceremony and what they mean.

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The purpose of a honeymoon. How should the husband sign the hotel register?

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How to handle an unreasonable bridegroom.

Frank discussion of the sex question.

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Details of keeping a family budget.

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Solving the mother-in-law problem.

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If you are over eighteen years of age we will be glad to send you a copy of this wonderful book. It will be sent to you for a bargain price of only \$1.39. Look the book over. Read it from cover to cover.

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How to hold a woman's love.

How to hold a husband's love at 35.

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The proceedings of the "bas-tardly action."

The causes of divorce and how to avoid them.

What the law says about rape. Collusion, connivance, condonation and recrimination.

Adultery and divorce.

Other grounds for divorce.

Some interesting divorce cases.

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Box 8, Station K, NEW YORK CITY

HOW TO WIN AND HOLD LOVE

When does jealousy destroy love?
Do men prefer cleverness to beauty?
How to control an ardent lover.
Does unrestrained spooning kill love?
When is kissing dangerous?
How to cure a flirtatious lover.
How to handle a jealous lover.
How to hold love at 17, 27, 35.
How to recognize your love mate.
Spoonng privileges before engagement.
How, when and where to propose.
How to encourage a proposal.
Should secrets of the past be told before marriage?
When is dancing dangerous?
Petting parties — are they wrong?

How to prevent undesirable spooning.
How to be popular with the opposite sex.
How "old-fashioned" girls get husbands.
When should a lover be romantic?
When is a "good night kiss" permissible?
What is an ideal mate?
Proper etiquette at the table, the theatre, the dance.
How to win back lost love.
How to resist temptations.
How can a disappointed lover forget?
Must a girl kiss to keep a sweetheart?
How to attract a desirable suitor.
How should the modern young man make love?
Should the girl regulate spooning?
How to encourage "steady company"?

NATURE has given to you a mysterious power that psychologists call sex attraction. If you understand the use of this fascinating gift you will be popular in parties, dance or outing.

Unfortunately, in most people this power lies hidden and unused, causing loneliness, unhappiness and envy.

You can develop this power to the highest degree simply by understanding and practicing the things that give it to you. You, too, can be successful in the fascinating game of love, sought after and admired by many, with loneliness barred forever from your life.

Love Problems Solved

Sana Swain gives the necessary advice to enable men and women to win in the game of love.

Sana Swain lays bare the innermost thoughts of lovers and frankly reveals their scheming and planning. The intimate problems that confront you are completely answered in the latest sensational popular book—“*How to Win and Hold Love*” (“*Sana Swain's Dictionary of Advice*.”)

It answers hundreds of intimate questions that you wouldn't dare ask your closest friend. It tells you how to change mere interest into love; how to avoid long-drawn-out courtships; how to quickly read a person's intentions. Every girl and man of spooning age should read this valuable intimate book. Married men and women should read this book, too, for it tells how to hold the cherished love they have won. It is after marriage that jealousy and temptation start their bitter work.

You Need This Book

If you hope to win love or hold love you must know how. If *you* know the rules you will win, if you don't you are doomed to fail. This book gives you all the rules—not a lot of “*don't's*” or prudish advice handed down from grandmother's time, but in frank simple language answers your problem—*how to win and hold love*.

The great demand makes it possible to offer this valuable and interesting book at a low price. Pay postman only \$1.39. Or, send only \$1.39 (bills, stamps, check or money order) and book will be mailed *in a plain wrapper*. If not satisfied, return book within 5 days and money will be refunded.

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THE SECRET OF LETTER WRITING

THE ability to put your thoughts on paper is next in importance to the gift of speech. Letter writing is an art that must be acquired—people are not born good letter writers.

In response to a large demand for a book that gives the secret of good letter writing, Sana Swain has prepared a book on that subject.

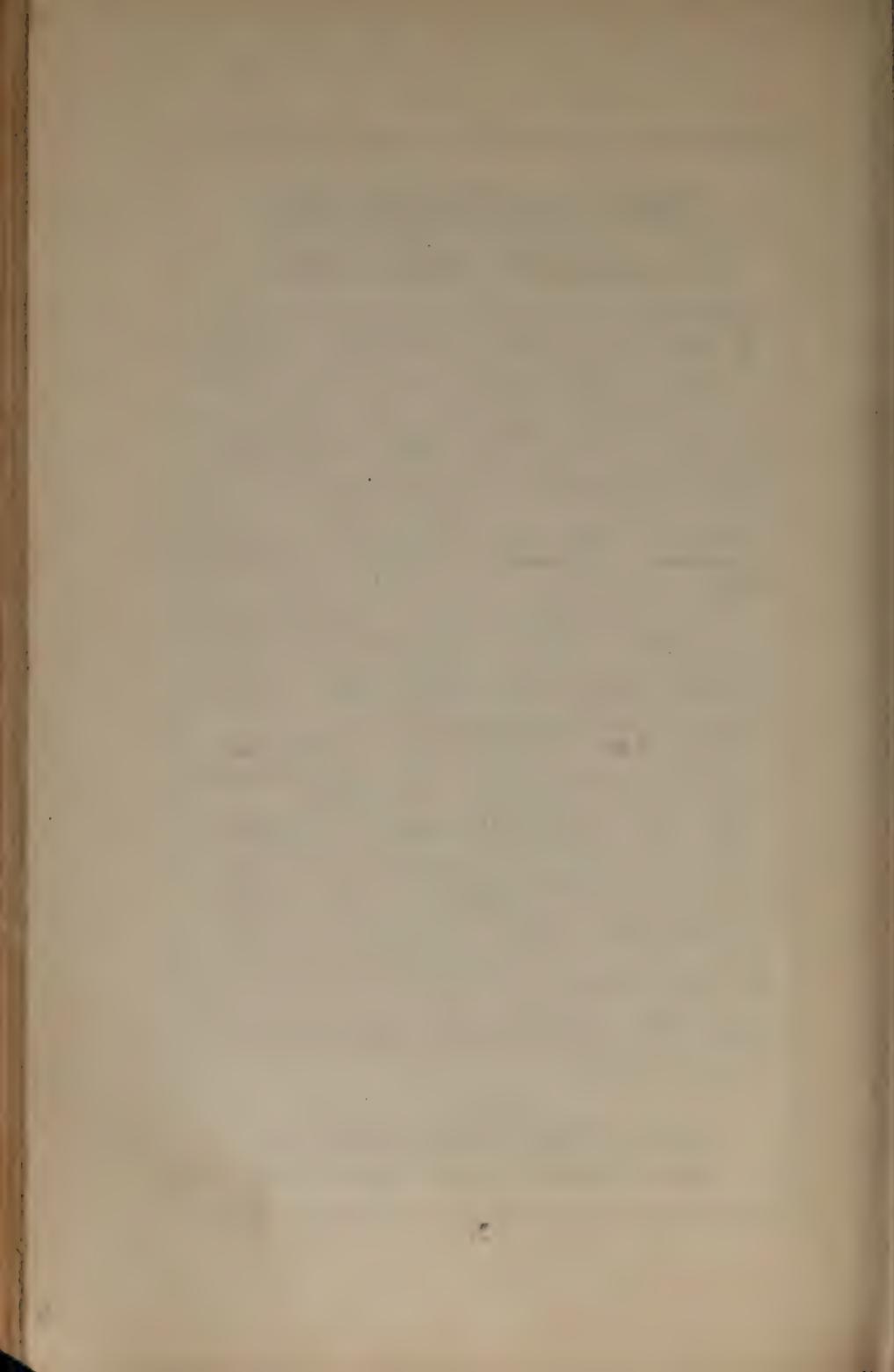
This valuable book follows the individual through life from the first letter written seeking a position to the last letter written to the undertaker.

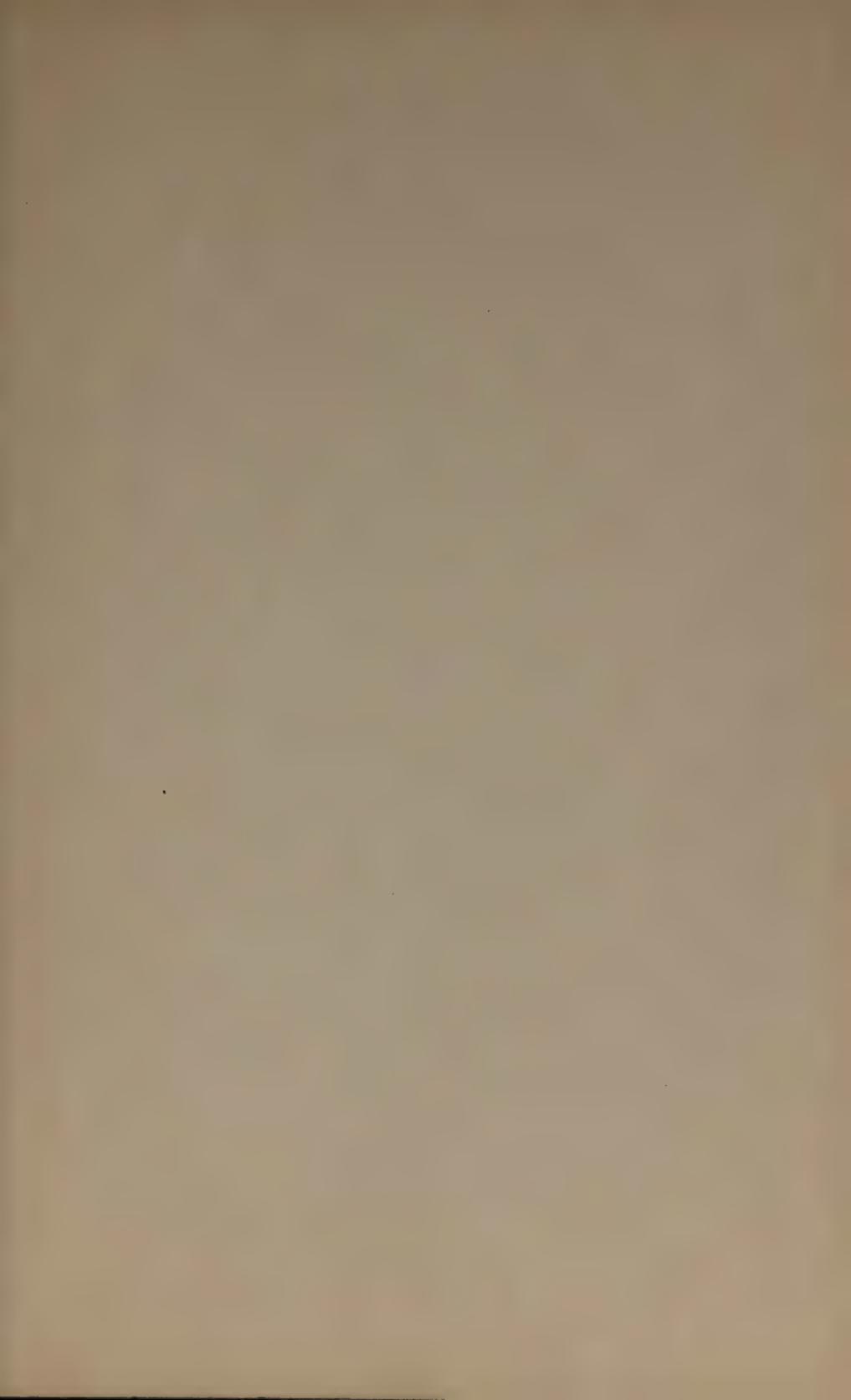
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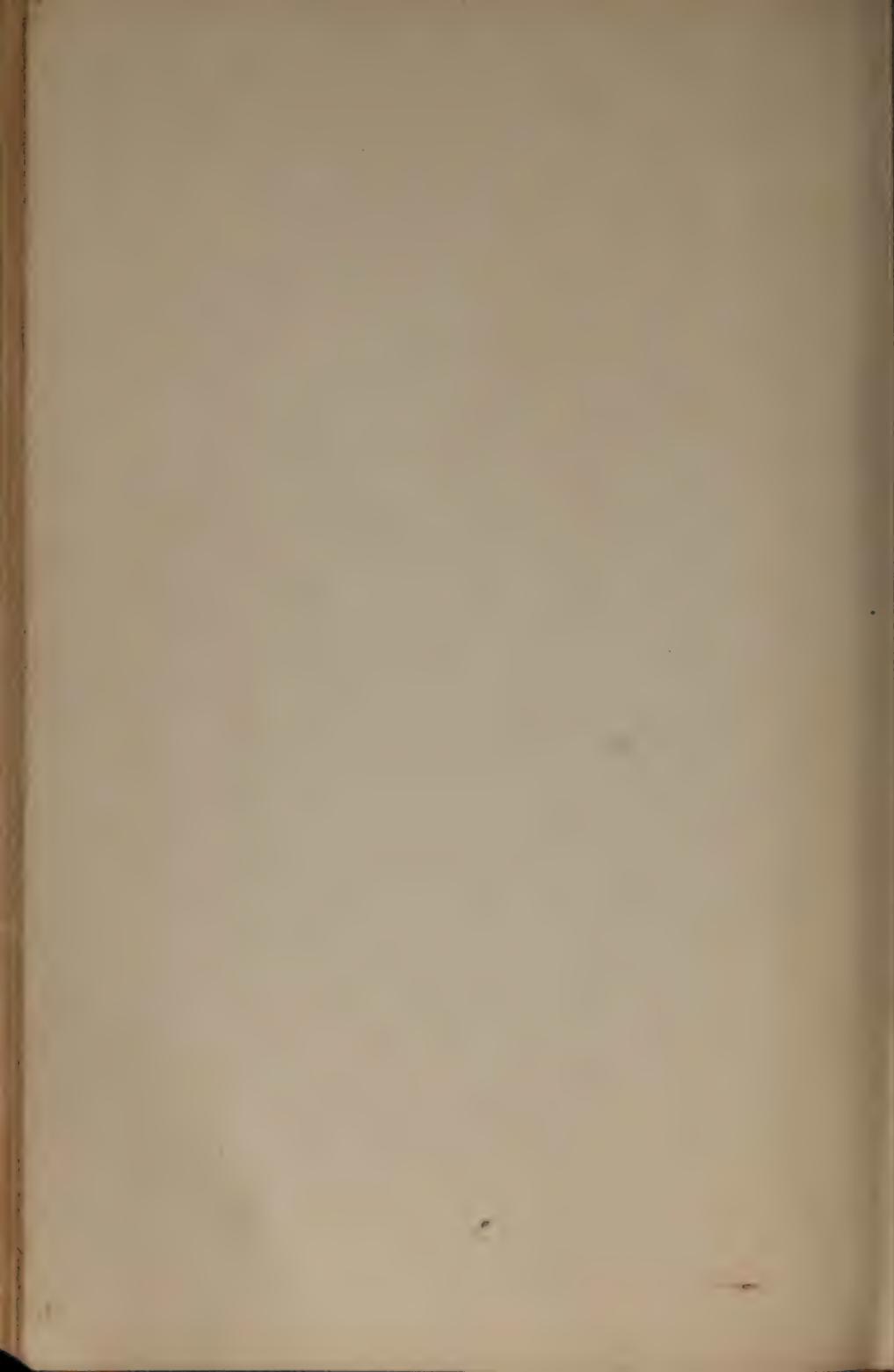
They are not just form letters. Each letter is analyzed and the many different ways the same thoughts can be expressed are shown.

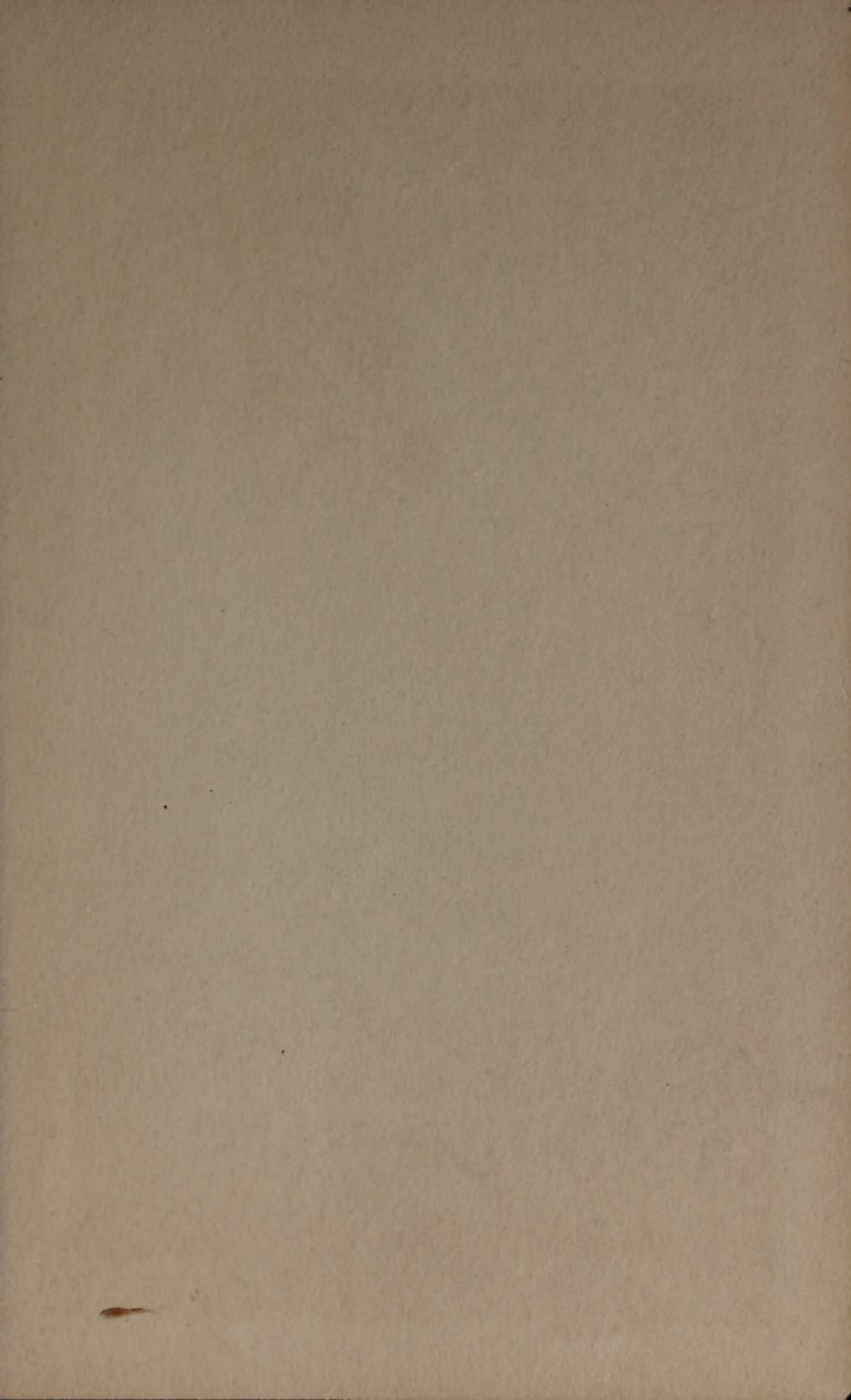
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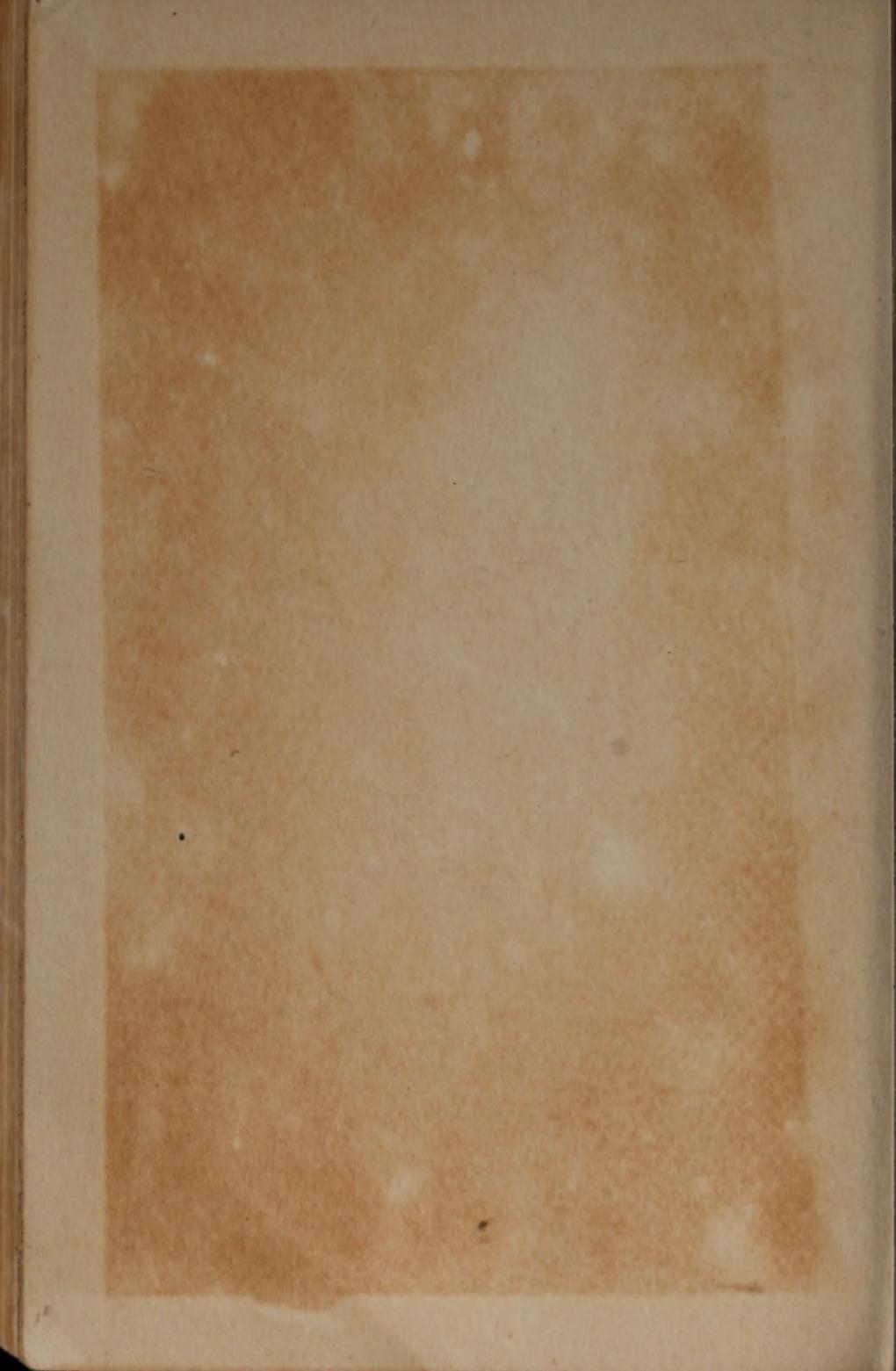
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